Washington

WASHINGTON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

A POW's Lesson In Survival

Leaving Home, Coming Back

Since the last issue of the *Washington College Magazine* President Cater has announced that he plans to retire at the end of this school year. Though we didn't like to stuff our magazine with things that fell out when you read it, we felt that this post-presstime story warranted notifying our readers by whatever means necessary. Now in this issue read about the Celebration of the Sciences, launched at Convocation and continuing with the Dunning Rededication, and you will begin to realize, as we do in thinking about Cater's departure, "it's not over 'til it's over." There will be much more to say in subsequent issues.

I've written before about the many homecomings here at Washington College. Dr. Theodore Kurze '43, recently rejoined the ranks here on the Chester; many others came back for Alumni Fall Weekend to relive their days on the athletic fields or in Bill Smith's familiar classrooms. Bob Greenberg '75, called us to offer his charming reminiscence of WC's track and field under "Chatty."

But the homecoming of Navy Cmdr. Allen Stafford '63 left an impression on all the *Magazine* staffers that we will feel for a long time.

We asked Stafford to come back to Chestertown to talk to us about his experiences as a POW from 1967-73. Though originally from Cambridge, Maryland, Stafford had never been back to the Eastern Shore since that first return from Vietnam. He was reluctant. He felt the subject matter was too unpleasant for our readers. We felt his story was important. So we bribed him with oysters and he came. We were grateful, not only for the opportunity to share his story with you, but for the chance to spend some time with a very warm and gentle person. His appearance and easy manner confirmed for us that he really was a survivor. We flipped through old copies of the *Pegasus*. He talked at length about his days as *Elm* editor and how much he had enjoyed that post. He spent many hours with Marcia Landskroener, our managing editor, who wrote his story down.

Stafford asked us if we could run a list of all the Washington College alumni who went to Vietnam and never came back. He wanted them remembered. We made inquiries with those who understand the mysteries of our database. No such information is available.

The best we can do is to offer this issue, with thanks to those who have made the trip home, and in honor of those who did not. Through the loving memories of its alumni, Washington College will always hold a place in its heart for both.

—MBD

Corrections

The date of birth of the daughter of Mary Pohanka Parr '81 and Jacob Parr '80 was listed incorrectly. Sara Elaine was born on July 22, 1988.

Gerald Walsh, assistant professor of business management, was inadvertently omitted from the article naming new Washington College faculty. Walsh holds an M.B.A. from Loyola College. He was an assistant professor of accounting at Salisbury State University before coming to Washington College.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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About the Cover: On the occasion of his first visit to Chestertown since 1963, former POW Allen Stafford '63 posed for photographer J. Tyler Campbell '76 at the town's new war memorial.

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WASHINGTON COLLEGE

THE REPORTER

Cater To Retire, Search Is On For A New President

The 1989-90 academic year will be Douglass Cater's final year as president of Washington College. Citing health concerns, Cater, 66, announced to students, faculty, and staff on the opening day of classes his intentions to retire at the conclusion of his eighth year as president. Earlier, the Board of Visitors and Governors had accepted his resignation at a meeting of the Board's Executive Committee.

"President Cater has made an outstanding contribution to Maryland's oldest college," Goldstein said. "His achievements have brought distinction to this historic institution and set the direction for its third century."

Under Cater's leadership, the College embarked on a major fundraising campaign to provide more student scholarships and financial aid, increase faculty salaries, and carry out an ambitious Master Plan to enhance the campus, including buildings and grounds and computer and athletic facilities. To date the four-year Campaign for Excellence has raised $38.8 million in gifts, pledges and anticipated endowment and an additional $3.8 million in other facilities and program funds.

Representatives from Academic Search Consultation Service (ASCS), a non-profit firm specializing in presidential searches, visited campus in September to conduct a pre-search study. A presidential search committee was formed to begin the process of selecting Washington College's 24th president. Chaired by David T. McLaughlin, a trustee and former president of Dartmouth College, the committee is comprised of board members, faculty members, administrators, students and an alumni representative. Dr. W. Jackson Stenger '49, a former Washington College trustee and an educator, is serving as executive secretary of the search committee and coordinating efforts on campus.

Douglass and Libby Cater shortly after his inauguration. During his tenure, Cater played the key role in obtaining funds for a new swim center, an expanded and modernized science center, an academic resources center and a creative arts center.

Board Chair Louis L. Goldstein named eight trustees to the search committee, including vice-chair Christian Havemeyer of Chestertown; Josiah Bunting III, headmaster of The Lawrenceville School in New Jersey and former president of Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia; Alonzo G. Decker, Jr., chairman emeritus of Black and Decker and co-chair of the College's Campaign for Excellence; Alexander G. Jones '51, a retired attorney living in Chestertown; Thomas J. Maher, a Philadelphia banker and parent of a College alumnus; John A. Moag, Jr. '77, a Baltimore attorney; and Mary Wood '68, a writer and civic leader from Centreville, Maryland.

Faculty members elected by their peers to serve on the search committee are Steven Cades, department of sociology; Daniel L. Premo, department of political science and international studies; Rosette M. Roat, department of chemistry; and Nancy R. Tatum, department of English.

Elizabeth R. Baer, Provost and Dean of the College, and Gene A. Hessey, Senior Vice President of Management and Finance, represent the college administration. Student members are Steven Attias, president of the Student

Government Association, and Maria Karukas, junior class president. Charles S. Waeche, Jr. '52, president of the Alumni Council, endorsed the appointment of Karen Gossard Price '73 of Chestertown, former president of the Alumni Council, as the alumni representative on the Committee.

The presidential opening was discussed at the Board Retreat in late September, and advertised in early October in the higher education trade journal, *The Chronicle of Higher Education*. Dr. Stenger reports that nominations and applications have begun to come in.

ASCS has been retained to participate in the recruiting process. At press time, the search committee was refining and giving priority to the recommendations for the qualities to be sought in the next president. The ASCS report, which provided a basis for the committee in discussing the College's needs, set forth the strengths of Washington College and the issues the next president will need to address.

The search committee expects to make its recommendation on the selection of Washington College's 24th president to Board of Visitors and Governors by early in the new year.

PHOTO AUSTIN WALMSLEY

President Cater presents Eric Bloch with the honorary doctor of science degree.

WC Celebrates The Sciences

With last year's opening of the Alonzo G. Decker Science Laboratory Center and the completion this fall of renovations to Dunning Hall, Washington College has launched a year-long "Celebration of The Sciences."

Eric Bloch, director of the National Science Foundation, formally opened the new academic year at Fall Convocation with an address on the social and economic effects of technological change. Bloch, who received an honorary Doctor of Science degree, told his audience that in order to compete effectively in the world marketplace, we as a nation must keep a leading position in science and technology.

Economic conflict poses a greater threat than military conflict, Bloch asserted. "The rise of large corporations, managed by a multinational corps of experts accustomed to thinking in global terms, exerts a moderating force on political tensions," Bloch said. Ironically, those countries were vanquished in World War II and the newly industralizing countries have responded best to this new technological competition.

Another paradox: While American student achievements in the sciences at the secondary and collegiate levels are far below that of their international peers, our science and engineering research facilities are bringing foreign-born graduate students to American shores.

"We have by far the strongest and most creative research system in the world," Bloch proclaimed. "New fields like biotechnology, materials research, and information sciences are emerging, and computers are revolutionizing how we do research in both universities and industry. We link research and education naturally in the universities, but have to consciously link the universities with industry and government research institutions to make sure that new knowledge is rapidly transferred and applied."

Bloch stressed the importance of investing in science education to provide better basic instruction in grade schools, more challenging undergraduate programs and better support for graduate education, to encourage more people to take up careers in science and technology.

Washington College has already recognized that challenge.

"There was a time when the sciences were the flagship of Washington College," recalled Frank Creegan, chair of the College's chemistry department and chair of the natural sciences division, in his remarks at Fall Convocation. "Beginning in the early 1930s and continuing through the early 1940s, 25 to 30 percent of the students were graduated from Washington College with bachelor of science degrees." In the last two decades, however, enrollment in the sciences has dipped to eight percent of total enrollment.

Creegan attributes this decline in part to society's reaction to science. "Pollution, depletion of the protective ozone layer, chemical defoliants, chemical, nuclear and biological waste all tend to make the public nervous about science and technology and their so-called advances," he said. "But what must be remembered is that for every Alar, Agent Orange or Dioxan, there are hundreds of AZTs and erythromycins."

Despite the decline in numbers of science students at Washington College, Creegan says, the quality of its student-scientists continues to shine. "It is hard to describe the feeling one gets when reading a letter written by an alumnus at his desk in the laboratory of a Nobel Laureate."

Washington College's expanded and modernized science facility represents a $4.5 million investment in the future of science education. Dunning Hall and the Decker Center contain research-grade equipment worth more than $1 million. "That's a lot of commitment," says Creegan. "We intend to make it known that Washington

College is a place where good science not only was done, but is done, and will be done. We celebrate not only our distinguished past but the promise of an even better future."

The celebration continued with a rededication ceremony of Dunning Science Hall on October 7. Dunning Hall, originally constructed in 1939 and expanded with two wings in 1960, has been converted to accommodate the departments of biology, chemistry, physics and psychology. It contains four reseach laboratories and two teaching laboratories for chemistry; four teaching laboratories and two research laboratories for physics; and four teaching laboratories and six research laboratories for psychology, as well as instrumentation rooms for each department. The Decker addition contains four teaching and research laboratories for biology and three teaching laboratories for chemistry.

Dunning Hall has also been outfitted with a darkroom, a shop, a coral acquarium and an environmental room for the biology department. It houses the main lecture hall and three classrooms, as well as office space for physics, psychology, and visiting faculty.

Theodore Kurze '43, professor emeritus of neurological surgery at the University of Southern California at Los Angeles, who received an honorary Doctor of Science degree at Fall Convocation, gave the rededication address. Dunning Hall was first dedicated in the year Kurze arrived on campus by President Gilbert Mead "to the numberless generations of young men and women who, in future years, will reap the never-ending benefits of these improved facilities."

"In the spirit of that dedication," said Kurze, "this talk is presented in the memory of Dr. Kenneth Buxton, professor and chair of the department of chemistry, who taught me to think; Dr. Winton Tolles, assistant professor of English, who kneaded me into loving the beauty and sensing the power of the English language; and Miss Matty R. Whitingham, Dean Livingood's secretary, whose kindness and commitment made the impossible possible for me and most of us in the classes '43 and '44.

"I wonder what our predecessors would think if they could be aware of the infinitude of knowledge these past 49 years of scientific investigation have procured. This information exceeds by many thousandfold all prior human knowledge of the university. The appropriate and inappropriate application of this knowledge has led to a techtronic age with infinite impact on all aspects of our biosphere and has challenged the authority of our cultures' most sacred institutions."

Kurze challenged tomorrow's scientists to find solutions to such problems as world hunger, environmental pollution, depletion of our natural resources, and the threat of nuclear war. He said, too, they must answer tough ethical questions raised by medical advances.

With a modern science facility now in place, the College needs to attract more science students. To that end, the College is launching an aggressive admissions recruitment program and is reaching out to area high school students through two programs — a series of Saturday Seminars in Science in cooperation with the Maryland Academy of Sciences and a summer residential Young Scholars Program, funded by the National Science Foundation. The College hopes to reach out to high school science teachers as well, and is asking the State of Maryland to consider WC as a future site for the Governor's Academy for Mathematics, Science and Technology.

To help bolster interest in science among its students and to broaden public understanding of the sciences, the College will be bringing to campus experts in various scientific fields of study throughout the academic year.

The comraderie among Washington College's current science students is evident. For example, volleyball practice revolves around the lab schedules of squad members. And at the end of the day, many return to a common home. West Hall has been transformed into the campus's "science dorm," where students with hectic laboratory schedules can find quiet study time in their rooms as well as resource materials and computers in a study lounge. Under the guidance of sophomore biology major Patricia Karns, the ground floor of West Hall is now a comfortable spot for students to gather for study and discussion. Its walls are lined with the portraits of WC alumni who have made important contributions to their fields. A library of resource materials and reference books is being established for the use of West Hall residents.

PHOTO: AUSTIN WALMSLEY

College dignitaries, science students and representatives of Arena Construction pause before cutting Dunning's ribbon.

WC's New Window On The World

by Jennifer M. Harrison '90

Historic East Hall has a new direction. The 135-year-old dorm this fall became the International House, a home for international stud-

ies and language students that reflects world events and international culture.

"It's a residential center," explains Jeff Chaffin, faculty adviser for the House. "It's also an educational center." Chaffin spends at least three evenings a week in the House; the students dubbed his evenings there "Jeff's social hour." Junior Laura Hopper notes, "He's always available for us to talk about things; he's very accessible."

The International House traces its origins to the Language Floor, formerly located on the third floor of Caroline House. Senior Mariella Ruiz initiated the idea with President Cater to move across the road to East Hall. She began by talking to students, organizing a core group interested in expanding the language floor, then turned to faculty for help and advice.

Discovering that a similar project—a Spanish House—had been tried in the past, the students drew encouragement from enthusiastic professors. They wrote letters to Student Affairs, the Dean of the College, and President Cater. "We were trying to show them that we had enough students and faculty who were truly interested," Ruiz says. "Once we achieved this we had a meeting with President Cater, and he gave us some possibilities."

Ruiz spent last year in France, but she kept tabs on the status of the International House proposal by writing to Drs. Sherry Magill, Davy McCall and George Shivers. Finally, Ruiz explains, "Dean Ed Maxcy wrote to tell me the International House would be in East Hall."

As leaders of the International House, Ruiz and Chaffin have great plans for its future. Chaffin says, "What we're trying to do is enhance the quality of life at Washington College. The whole world is changing from nationalism to internationalism. There's got to be some place that reflects what's going on in the world—and the hope is that the International House will become that."

The International House serves as an umbrella organization for the German, French and Spanish clubs and the International Relations Club. Foreign-born students from Turkey, Peru and Korea live in the House, aong with a Spanish language assistant from Peru. Junior Caroli Leipsig remarks on the benefits of living with a language assistant: "It's nice to have someone who knows you're only learning, but will still speak to you in that language. You're not as pressured as you would be if you visited the country and had to learn to communicate."

Lectures are given in the ground floor lounge. Psychology professor George Spilich recently spoke about his experiences on a Fulbright grant in Yugoslavia. Economics professor Mike Malone talked with students about his year in Kenya, also on a Fulbright grant, and economic professor Davy McCall spoke on Damascus. The House sponsored a series of films about mythologist Joseph Campbell. Social events are an integral part of their activities. Students recently celebrated Oktoberfest, and have their traditional Wines of the World party in the works for next semester.

"We're hoping that the program eventually could offer spontaneous lectures and briefings about what's going on. It would become a constant series reacting to what's going on in the world. The International House would become Washington College's window on the world," Chaffin says.

So far the International House's events have been well attended and well received. Senior Jin Pak says, "There's a spirit because we choose to live in the International House. That's why we're so enthusiastic. It's the International House spirit."

Chaffin sums it up, "The International House is a place where global citizens can be educated."

Mariella Ruiz '90

Scholarships Take Bite Out Of Tuition

Three Washington College students breathed a little easier when tuition bills arrived, thanks to scholarship assistance from the Middendorf Foundation of Baltimore and Salisbury, Maryland, businessman Franklin P. Perdue.

Seniors Michael McGinniss of Milford, Delaware, and Catherine Smithmyer of Queenstown, Maryland, are the 1989-90 recipients of one-year scholarships established last year through an endowment gift from Baltimore's Middendorf Foundation. The scholarships awarded under the College's Middendorf Scholars Program are worth $6,000 each.

The Middendorf Scholars Program is intended to recognize and reward Washington College students who have demonstrated superior scholastic achievement and exemplary leadership within the student body. These scholarships, awarded to rising seniors each year, are considered one of the highest academic honors to be conferred upon an undergraduate student at Washington College.

Michael McGinniss, an English major intending to enter law school next fall, has a superlative scholastic record. A perennial Dean's List student, he was the recipient of the Fox Medal (freshman year), the Alumni Medal (sophomore year), and the Visitors and Governors Medal (junior year) for having the highest cumulative grade point average of his class. He was also the recipient of Sophie Kerr and Beneficial-Hodson scholarships. He has served on the executive board of the College's Writers' Union and was a peer adviser for two years.

Catherine Smithmyer, an English major interested in working with emotionally disturbed children or juvenile delinquents, intends to enroll in the education block at Washington College after graduation and hopes to do graduate work in psychology. A Dean's List student, she writes short stories and is a member of Christian Youth Fellowship.

Smithmyer, who has commuted to college from her Queenstown home in previous years, says the scholarship will enable her to live in Chestertown while concentrating on her studies. "I

have five little brothers and sisters at home, and with the Chester River Bridge closing at nights, it would have been difficult for me to stay late to use the computers and the library," she says.

M. Shawn Hamill, a Washington College freshman, was awarded the Franklin P. Perdue Scholarship, worth $3,000 this year.

The Perdue Scholarship was established in 1988 by chicken king Frank Perdue as a four-year revolving fund to benefit students residing on the lower Eastern Shore of Maryland. The scholarship support will continue throughout the four years Hamill is enrolled at Washington College.

Hamill, the son of Robert C. and Beverly Hamill of Salisbury, is a graduate of Worchester Country School in Berlin, where he earned recognition as a student-athlete. He was a member of the varsity lacrosse, soccer, baseball and basketball teams.

High School Students Get Sneak Preview Of College

The voice on the telephone sounds young, cheerful, and filled with enthusiasm. Katy Mulligan, a senior at Kent County High School, is eager to talk about the More Able High School Program at Washington College.

One of eleven students taking college courses in conjunction with their regular high school program, Katy describes her exposure to Washington College in glowing terms. "Working with college students and professors gives me hands on experience of college life," Mulligan says. "It's better than an interview."

That is exactly what Washington College likes to hear about the More Able High School Program, because it means outstanding high school students are getting a taste of what they can expect in college.

Senior high school students from the greater Chestertown community have been taking freshman courses at the College, tuition-free, and receiving college credit since 1963. "This program was among a few pioneering efforts being made throughout the nation to provide greater challenge and educational stimulus for young people," according to College Registrar Ermon Foster.

Another Kent County High School student participating in the program is a little hesitant talking about his experience at Washington College.

"It's different—odd—like I'm not really in college, and I'm not in high school, either." The young man, who requested anonymity, adds: "I think I would have a higher grade if I were taking a high school English class instead of a college level course. I know my high school teachers better . . . I know what they expect of me."

Katy Mulligan agrees that college is a different world, but she thrives on it. "Professor Lamond expects me to work on my own, and he expects me to make the first move if I'm having trouble with a paper or something, but he's willing to help me when I ask for it," she explains.

Mulligan says she had a bad case of 'senioritis' before. "Now I have freedom and responsibility," she adds. "I love being able to drive off the high school grounds onto the college campus!"

A Visit From The Poet Laureate

by Jennifer M. Harrison '90

Chestertown greeted Howard Nemerov with torrential rain and gusts of wind when he visited in mid-September. The rain that continued throughout the day did not dampen the poet's spirits, however. "I just like weather, it doesn't matter what weather," he said.

Called to poetry by a voice he remembers saying, "Yes, you will be a poet, Howard, but by that time poetry will cease to matter," Nemerov's writing led him to the highest poetic post in the nation: poet laureate. His other laurels include the Theodore Roethke Memorial Prize in 1968, the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award in 1978, and the Bollinger Prize for poetry in 1981, indicating that Howard Nemerov's writing does, indeed, matter to the literary world.

Since the publication of Nemerov's first collection of poetry, *The Image and the Law* in 1947, he has written nine books of poetry, seven collections of literary essays, three novels and two

Poet Laureate Howard Nemerov

collections of short stories. Nemerov presently holds a post as Edward Mallinckrodt Distinguished University Professor of English at Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri. Born in New York City in 1920, and graduated from Harvard University in 1941, Nemerov has taught at Hamilton College, Bennington College, Brandeis University and Hollins College. He has taught at Washington University since 1969.

Nemerov joined a group of prospective poets at the O'Neill Literary house for a luncheon and informal workshop. "Best remember, it's only poetry," he advised, before launching into a criticism of their poetry.

"One of the immense powers of language is that it makes you think you're saying something when you're not," he warned. "The brain is very complex . . . but the mind is very simple." Nemerov stressed how important it is for poetry to be logical and clear. "Even if it is art, you're still writing English," he said. "Make sense, make sense and continue making sense."

Nemerov described the writing process by saying: "You love the sounds the masters make, but when *you* try to make them, frogs come out of your mouth. You're still learning the language . . . it won't always do what you want it to," he counseled.

Imitation is the way to practice writing poetry, the poet suggested; style arises from exercising the art. "When you're 20 and you write, 'The grass is

green,' they say, 'Ah! Wallace Stevens.' When you're 40, and you write, 'The grass is green,' they say 'Ah! His own inimitable style.'"

About prosody, Nemerov pointed out that "metaphor is everywhere, you just sometimes don't notice it." His advice is to "rely on the literal, the language will take care of the symbolic." When you want to be big, you come back to the regular, and that is form and iambic pentameter. "'There is either loose imabic, or free iambic,'" he quotes from Robert Frost, pointing out that we speak naturally in a rhythm nearly in iambic pentameter. "Rhythm is present everywhere, although measure isn't."

"Read all you can," he advised. "Learn from anybody, including what not to do. Bad poetry can be very instructive."

"I go for poems rather than poets," Nemerov commented. "When you're young, you're told Yeats is a great poet, and you read him. When you're old, you begin to have creeping doubts here and there."

British Soccer Standout Hosts WC Team In England

It isn't often that a star emerges who promotes practicality and reason over illusions and dreams. But Washington College's Mike Bishop is just that, a sterling All-Middle Atlantic Conference soccer performer who is a study in culture both on and off the field.

The junior midfielder from Liverpool, England, passed along some of that culture to his mates on the Shoremen soccer team as he and the rest of Coach Tom Bowman's troops traveled to England for ten days in August to play five matches against British amateur squads. Though the Shoremen did not win any games (they tied one and lost four), few American collegiate teams could have. They did, however, improve their performance with each outing and came away with a higher respect for the game as well as its birthplace.

The team spent seven days in Liverpool and three in Easton-On-The-Hill, an upper-class village where Peggy and David Bonner, parents of Washington College junior Don Steele, provided accommodations. It was in economically depressed Liverpool, however, that the Shoremen realized their greatest awakening.

"The team saw a realistic picture of life in lower class England and how it relates to the sport of soccer," says Dr. Bowman, who is in his eighth year as Shoremen coach. "The benefit from the trip was more social than athletic."

Bishop himself arranged with families and friends to house different members of the team in Liverpool.

"I purposely put all the guys with different families so that they could learn how I grew up," Mike says. "I wanted them to see that, and I think they came away with a great deal of respect."

For most Liverpudlians, a college education is out of reach, and many youths use soccer as a means of escape. Though the natives live and breathe the sport, Bishop has become an anomaly of sorts both from British and American points of view. Mike agrees that, though he still loves his city, the pursuit of an education enticed him more than playing professional soccer.

"What makes Mike special," said Dr. Bowman, "is his determination to get an education. If it weren't for guys like him, I don't know if I'd stay in coaching."

Yet it was Dr. Bowman, an equine veterinarian and breeder, as much as anyone who attracted Bishop to Washington College. Bishop hopes to manage thoroughbreds on his own farm one day.

"Not only was the size of the school appealing," Bishop says, "but I knew that Dr. Bowman was one of the top guys in the country for thoroughbred reproduction. It was an ideal chance to learn the business from him."

Offers from other schools poured in after Mike singlehandedly turned around a Harford County Community College program that had spiralled to 1-10 in 1986. Bishop's talents produced a 10-2 mark in '87, a division championship, and All-American recognition. Several schools, including Penn State and North Carolina, as well as two pro teams in England came calling, but it was Dr. Bowman's personal approach, and Washington College's academic reputation, that eventually lured the British star.

Mike Bishop gains respect on and off the field for his determination and honesty.

Bishop is a delight to watch whether there's a soccer ball in front of him or not. His clever style of play reflects his character. He is ferociously intense on the field, and he won't hesitate butting heads with the opposition, but when the horn blows, he's a student again, and even goalies who have watched helplessly as Bishop's blurring shots nestle into the nets are compelled to shake an honest hand.

Guy Fair Goodfellow 1929-1989

Dr. Guy F. Goodfellow, a professor of history at Washington College for 30 years, died at his Queen Street home in Chestertown on Thursday, September 7, after a long struggle with cancer. He was 60 years old.

College President Douglass Cater, in notifying the faculty and students of Dr. Goodfellow's passing, said: "Professor Guy Goodfellow has always symbolized the very best of Washington College. As teacher, historian, and gentle, caring friend, he will leave a lasting memory on our campus."

A native of Hanover, Pennsylvania, Goodfellow was a political science graduate of Dickinson College. He received his master of arts and doctoral degrees in history from the University of Maryland, where he chose as his dissertation subject the presidency of Calvin Coolidge.

Goodfellow, whose special area of interest was American history, was awarded the Lindback Award for Distinguished Teaching in 1977. "He was a very effective teacher, and one of the most popular," remembers history professor Robert Fallaw. "He took a direct interest in his students, and was enthusiastic about what he was doing. The greatest testimony to his career is what his former students said to him in their letters and cards—about how much he had meant to their intellectual life at Washington College."

Goodfellow was very devoted to the College, Fallaw remembers. "Whenever there were questions about College policy," Fallaw says, "he formed his own viewpoints based on what he felt was best for the institution, not necessarily what was easiest."

Colin Dickson, professor of French, remembers Goodfellow's advice to him: He said to me to do the best I could at Washington College, to teach as if I were at the best university in the country. I found him a tremendously admirable person to work with. His sense of dedication was inspiring. He also enjoyed life — he loved jazz and baseball. He and Norman James were seen at Memorial Stadium on more than one occasion."

Goodfellow and art professor Robert Janson-La Palme collaborated for several years on an extensive historical research and editing project for the publication of the autobiography of Maryland artist Charles Willson Peale. Sponsored by the office of the Charles Willson Peale Papers at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, DC, the project consists of several volumes on selected papers of Peale and his relatives. Professors Goodfellow and Janson-La Palme's work will constitute one of eight volumes being published by Yale University Press. Janson-La Palme is spending his sabbatical this fall at the National Portrait Gallery to complete the project.

Dr. Charles Halstead, emeritus professor of history, remembers his friend as energetic, versatile, and possessing high academic standards. "He was a broadly educated historian," Halstead says. "He knew the complete gamut of American history, but he knew about European history as well. It was a learning experience just to be around him."

The department of history and Dr. Goodfellow's family have established the Guy Fair Goodfellow Lecture Series in his memory.

The intent of the endowed lecture series is to bring a distinguished historian to campus each year to lecture and spend time with students in emulation of Dr. Goodfellow's vibrant style of teaching. Contributions to the Guy Fair Goodfellow Lecture Series can be mailed to the Development Office, Washington College, Chestertown, MD 21620.

Writing On Godot Or, How Samuel Beckett Changed My Signature

Recently returned from a two-year sojourn in Paris, Associate Professor of English Thomas Cousineau has published a volume of criticism on Samuel Beckett's great theater piece, *Waiting for Godot*. Released in December by G. K. Hall publishers as part of the Twayne Masterwork Studies series, *Waiting for Godot: Form in Movement* is an analysis of the work focusing on the play as a theatrical performance more than as a literary work. Cousineau's book has been warmly received, with one reviewer writing that it is an excellent example of a book written for a general audience but valuable for Beckett specialists.

Cousineau is proud to have been asked to produce a general-interest volume on Beckett. He has previously written several articles (and his doctoral dissertation) on Samuel Beckett's novels, exploring the rather specialized subject of the novels' relationship to the psychological theories of Jacques Lacan and the philosophical ideas of Paul Ricoeur. "In these articles I discussed theories expressed by two very important figures in France in the seventies," explains Cousineau, "but you really had to know psychology or philosophy to be able to follow them. Yet it was based on my previous articles that the editor at G. K. Hall invited me to work on a general manuscript for *Godot*."

Cousineau also says that he would never have considered writing about *Godot* if he had not seen a 1976 production by the Schiller Theater of Germany, directed by Samuel Beckett himself. "I never liked *Godot* as much as the novels, and I certainly never thought of writing about the play. I wasn't really sure he was a great playwright." But while in Paris, Cousineau attended the Schiller Theater performance of *Waiting for Godot* given at Jean-Louis Barrault's theater in the old Gare

d'Orsay railroad station (now a museum). "It was a German production and I was watching without knowing the language — my attention was focused on the visual elements. It was a beautiful production, very balletic, musical. The language of the play is very negative — 'Nothing to be done' is the famous first line of the play — However, the text is only part of the meaning of the play."

It was this experience of the play as performance that led Cousineau to agree to write a book on *Godot*. His text centers on the visual elements of Beckett's production — hence the subtitle, "form in movement," a phrase used by Beckett to describe his theatrical works.

Cousineau began his work by locating a videotape copy of the Schiller Theater Production (finding the videotape was a story in itself, related below) and viewing the tape over and over to learn the details of Beckett's "choreography" of the play. He also studied Beckett's production notebooks for the play, now in the library of the University of Reading.

(Those notebooks will be published by the University of Reading next year. The general editor, James Knowlson, will give a lecture on Beckett as a director of his own plays at Washington College in March.)

Thus, *Waiting for Godot: Form in Movement* is an analysis of the visual impact of a performance of the play and its relationship to the text. "Beckett makes use of repeated movements, geometrical patterns and reciprocal visual relationships to bring out the meaning of the play," explains Cousineau. "After writing it, Beckett himself said that he did not visualize the play, and in fact he referred to it as 'that mess of a play.' One reason he is now directing his own plays is that he wants to explore and preserve the scenic language of his works and eliminate that which he has been dissatisfied with in other productions."

In an effort to produce a "definitive" collection of Beckett plays in accordance with Beckett's own vision, the *Visual Press*, a special department of the University of Maryland, is developing a video series entitled "Beckett Directs Beckett." The series will include *Waiting for Godot, Endgame, Krapp's Last Tape* and many of Beckett's shorter plays. While he was in Paris, Cousineau was able to watch production work on *Godot* to further his study of Beckett's concept of the play.

English professor Tom Cousineau returned from a two-year sabbatical in Paris this fall with a critical analysis of playwright Samuel Beckett's "Waiting For Godot" under his belt and a dramatic poster for his office.

The primary resource for Cousineau's book was the videotape of the Schiller Theater production. How Cousineau located the videotape is now one of his favorite Beckett stories. When he arrived in Paris, Cousineau wrote to Beckett asking him how he might be able to obtain a copy of the tape. His note was handwritten, and his signature was apparently not readable.

"He wrote me right back," explains Cousineau, "with the name and address of his production assistant in Germany who would send me a copy of the tape. But what was remarkable was that he couldn't tell who I was. He had a fairly illegible signature over my more carefully written address, and he cut that out and pasted it to his envelope to mail to me. And in his letter he addressed me as 'Dear — question mark.' It's amazing to me that he responded at all, given the amount of mail he must receive. I can only think that it was his interest in having a book of this kind written. Since then," laughs Cousineau, "I've changed the way I sign my name."

NEA Grant Brings Bilingual Writers To Campus

Washington College is bringing contemporary writers from bilingual and bi-cultural backgrounds to campus this year, thanks to a $5,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. The grant is being matched with Sophie Kerr funds.

Kathy Wagner '79, a lecturer in English who was a student here when Washington College received its first NEA support, authored this latest grant for visiting writers. The grant calls for two fiction writers and two poets who write in English to spend three- or four-day residencies, giving readings and talking with students about how they have assimilated their background into their writing and "the continued reinvention of American idiom."

Raymond Federman, a Parisian-born novelist whose book *Smiles on Washington Square* won the 1986 American Book Award, was on campus in mid-October. His visit was so well-received by students and faculty, Wagner says, because he took the time to attend several classes and talk with students informally. "He really expended himself, and the students really enjoyed him."

The NEA grant will bring three other writers to campus during the spring semester.

For POW Allen Stafford '63 The Lesson Was Survival

by Marcia Landskroener

This is not the story of the downtrodden and the broken. This is the story of survival through sheer determination. Navy Commander Allen Stafford '63, a prisoner of war held in North Vietnam, survived five and a half years of captivity one day at a time, one hour at a time, one minute at a time, when necessary.

"There were some black moments when I wondered just how much more I could take," says Stafford, "but I realized that my cellmate couldn't make me survive in prison. I had to do it. When you're a POW, you can either die or bounce back. The VC didn't let many of us die in captivity because they thought they might get money under the table for us when they orchestrated our release."

Allen Stafford will tell you he is no hero.

"Every man had his breaking point, and on a bell curve, I was usually somewhere in the middle. Some days I was tough, on other days, I was not so tough."

Yet the tenacity of spirit he and his fellow POWs exhibited under the harshest and most brutal of circumstances belie his objection to the term "hero." He survived Vietnam, and he survived the rough transition when he finally returned home. His experience in the "Hanoi Hilton" changed him. Sixteen years after returning home, Stafford thinks of Vietnam now only in terms of the lessons he learned there.

Allen Stafford always felt there was something special about being a Navy fighter pilot. As a boy growing up in Cambridge, Maryland, he loved motion, loved adventure, and wanted to learn to fly. He earned his wings by the time he was 21 years old, and was as cocky and brave and disciplined as any among this elite group of servicemen.

By the time he came to Washington College in the fall of 1960, he had spent two years at St. John's College in Annapolis and five years in the Navy. After two years at school in Chestertown, where he was editor of the *Elm* and president of the Lambda Chi fraternity, he was recalled to active duty. His country needed another hot shot fighter jock.

He returned to the Coronado Naval Base in San Diego, California, and later completed two advanced survival training schools. The Navy was preparing him for battle in strange terrain with an unknown enemy. In the course of his survival training he was taught, among other things, what wild roots and plants are edible, how to shake loose a parachute underwater, and, above all, to follow the detailed, all-military code of conduct in the event of capture "to give only name, rank, serial number and date of birth, to death if necessary."

In 1964, when U.S. forces were first sent into Vietnam, Stafford was among them, flying bombing missions. He flew A-4's, or Skyhawks, single-man, single-engine planes that could outmaneuver any missile its pilots could see coming. It was the ones they couldn't see that were trouble.

Allen Stafford at Chestertown's recently-completed war memorial.

I wouldn't go through that again for all the money in the world. I lost five and a half years of my life. But now that it's over, I have to ask myself, 'Did anything good come out of it?' And I have to say yes. That experience made me do some better things with my life. I learned to be honest with myself.

PHOTO: J. TYLER CAMPBELL '76

One second, Lt. Cmdr. Stafford was in his Skyhawk at full combat power, dodging "telephone poles," land-launched missiles named for the pillars of vapor they produced as they made their way skyward. Two and a half seconds later, three planes were in flames. When Stafford's plane, fully loaded with bombs and fuel, took the hit, it exploded and he was forcibly ejected. Wreckage from his plane was sucked into the intake of his wingman's plane, blowing the tail off. The second plane went into a spin. When the pilot realized he could not correct the spin he bailed out. A third plane was hit, its pilot mortally wounded, but he had enough time to attempt a return flight and radio the carrier before his plane plunged into the sea. On the information he provided, the Navy was later able to piece together the probable fate of Stafford and his wingman. They were POWs.

As Stafford fell 16,000 feet to earth, he threw away his wristwatch and his radio, but on second thought kept his revolver. With his left arm and shoulder and several ribs broken, and his face cut and bloodied, he raised his head from a rice paddy to the sound of a gunshot and found himself face to face with a Vietnamese boy loading another bullet into an old Japanese gun. The boy missed again. Stafford drew his revolver as an old Vietnamese woman scurried to the scene.

"Although I never learned to speak Vietnamese, and never wanted to," says Stafford, "we managed to communicate that day. She said something to me which I understood to be 'Don't shoot the boy.' I told her, in English, well, tell him to drop the gun.' She said something to the boy, he refused, and she shot him a look that withered him. He put down the gun. They respect their elders. I could see the militia coming for me in a jeep —they had seen my parachute—and I opened the chamber of my revolver and emptied it of shells.

" We knew from Intelligence that if you were captured by the militia you'd end up in the prison system. The real danger was to be caught by the peasants. Well, when the villagers came running and started attacking me, she came to my aid again. They were beating me and hacking at my finger with a machete, trying to get my wedding ring off. And this old lady stopped them. It was the strangest thing: if they wanted your boots, they would cut them off your feet. As the militia led me away, the grandmother nodded to me, as if to say 'I did the best I could,' and I nodded back."

That was the last human kindness Stafford had at the hands of the Vietnamese. On the road to Hanoi, he was stripped, beaten and thrown into a ditch, and a gun barrel was pressed into his skull. "It's amazing how calm you get in the face of death," Stafford recalls. "I thought, 'well, this is it. It's over.' And then flashbulbs went off. They were taking pictures to use for propaganda."

Before his capture there had been other evidence of human kindness between the Vietnamese and the Americans. Stafford tells of American soldiers taking up collections of soap and dysentary vaccines for the Vietnamese children. Vietnamese children in turn offered soldiers gifts of vegetables from their gardens. Yet the players in this most horrible of wars didn't play by the rules as American soldiers knew them. The VC cut off the arms of any children who accepted innoculations provided by the Americans, Stafford says, because they didn't want to encourage American sympathy. And Vietnamese toddlers were sometimes used as decoys, hiding grenades in their vegetable baskets.

Beginning in 1964, Commander Stafford did three tours in Vietnam—one flying bombing missions from aircraft carriers, another as a forward air observer directing air strikes from the ground in South Vietnam, and a third as an adviser to the surface fleet from aboard amphibious vessels. He was gone from the United States for most of ten years. Of all his tours of duty, he preferred flying. It was him against the VC, and he was always in control.

A Navy pilot has a long way to fall. Stafford's fall, literally, was from three miles above the North Vietnamese port city of Hai Phong. It was August 31, 1967. Earlier that day, he had been the stand-by pilot aboard the *U.S.S. Oriskany* when the plane in front of him developed engine trouble. Stafford's plane took off in its place and was at the point of target when he saw a missile right in front of him. He maneuvered around it and then took a direct hit from a second missile he never saw.

Figuratively, though, the fall was much further. Lt. Cmdr. Stafford fell into the pits of hell as a prisoner of war.

Stafford joined more than 550 downed airmen held during the course of a long and painful war in various prison compounds in North Vietnam. They were held in small groups in tiny cells, moved often and at random, under the most brutal, inhumane circumstances. Some POWs were held in the "Hanoi Hilton" for nine years; the average was five.

For Stafford and all of his fellow POWs the next five and a half years of incarceration were cruel. They were all starved and repeatedly beaten, their feet and hands manacled with crude iron cuffs. They spent much of their time in solitary confinement, "because we were always in trouble with our hosts." Water deprivation and hanging by one arm were common punishments.

We knew we couldn't resist them physically, but we also knew they couldn't break our minds. Their attempts at brainwashing were laughable. The only things they could do were give clumsy lectures and make you cooperate. We decided they could have our bodies, but they couldn't have our souls.

Yet he will tell you that those five and a half years were not completely fruitless. He learned the value of life, and of freedom, and the lessons of survival he learned he uses still.

"I wouldn't go through that again for all the money in the world," says Stafford. "I lost five and a half years of my life. But now that it's over, I have to ask myself, 'Did anything good come out of it?' And I have to say yes. That experience made me do some better things with my life. I learned to be honest with myself.

"As a prisoner of war, you can either die or bounce back. You can only sink so low, and, as Mark Twain said, that's where your bootstraps are, if you can find them."

Stafford and his fellow airmen found their bootstraps in their minds.

There is a rite of passage that precedes acceptance into any group, whether it be the military, prison camp, or a clique in junior high school. When young men enter boot camp, the officers take away their clothes, shave their heads, push them to the brink of physical exhaustion, and tell them they are the lowest form of scum. After the humiliation and degradation, they are accepted back into the fold as vital member of a group.

Prisoners of war suffered a similar rite of passage. During what Stafford calls the official "Welcome Aboard" sessions, the American airmen were stripped and beaten into submission, their bodies twisted into knots of pain until they said what their captors wanted to hear. It may have taken hours, or days, or a week, but each and every one of them was broken. Each of these "blackest creeminals," as their captors addressed them, broke his military code of honor.

Stafford in July 1967, a month before he was shot down. When he returned home after being held captive for almost six years, he was greeted with a ticker tape parade in his hometown of Cambridge, Maryland , and served out the remainder of his Navy career in Pensacola, Florida.

Stafford relates the "Welcome Aboard" experience of a fellow POW named Stratton who gave his name, rank, serial number and date of birth, and refused to give any further information. "'Now kill me, you SOB,' he told his interrogator. And with uncharacteristic gentleness, the interrogator leaned forward, put his hand on his shoulder, and said quietly, 'Death will not be your alternative.'"

After the initial session, the prisoner would be thrown into solitary confinement, where he nursed his wounds as best he could and contemplated in painful misery his failure in resisting the enemy. Broken bones weren't set, infections set in, and the POWs went without water for three and four days at a time. "We'd sit in that 8' by 4' by 6' cell and think about our plight. 'Would I die from my wounds?' 'Would I be court-martialed for breaking the code of honor?' Water deprivation affects your mind—we were turned into primitive animals. Those were the longest months of the entire war."

Two or three months later, they'd give the newcomer a roommate or two, Stafford says, and he would admit to them his failure. They would tell their own stories of torture and confession, "and we realized 'hey, we're still a member of the club after all.' We knew we couldn't resist them physically, but we also knew they couldn't break our minds. Their attempts at brainwashing were laughable. The only things they could do were give clumsy lectures and make you cooperate. We decided they could have our bodies, but they couldn't have our souls."

Stafford and his fellow POWs survived their captivity by using their brains: by learning to communicate without benefit of the spoken word, by sharing knowledge of everything from the peculiarities of their Vietnamese guards to Shakespeare, and by imagining what they would do with their lives once they were released.

"We knew we were there until the end of the war," says Stafford. "Escape was out of the question, because there was no one inside to help us. Rescue was also impossible."

During their term of imprisonment there was one liberation attempt by the American forces in 1970. But when the troops showed up at the camp in Son Tay, it was empty. The prisoners had been moved two weeks earlier. After that attempt, the North Vietnamese

moved all prisoners to Hoa Loa, an old French prison in downtown Hanoi. They were told that in the event of another rescue attempt, the prisoners would die first. "Whenever an air raid siren sounded, the guns turned inward," says Stafford.

There was one benefit to being housed in Hao Loa, says Stafford. "It was made of old brick, and the floor was smooth concrete. That old brick made wonderful chalk, the floor was a great chalkboard, and, for the first time, we lived in large groups."

With the same power of thinking that allowed them to give and receive imaginary Christmas gifts, the POWs had turned their prison cells into classrooms. By turning their minds inward, they relieved some of the tension created by their precarious position. "We couldn't sit around worrying whether the keys were jingling for us, we had Spanish to study, a Greek lesson to prepare."

At Hao Loa, where they were all housed together for a year, the prisoners appointed "deans" in each room who developed curriculums of study. Every prisoner of war had something to offer. They taught each other languages, philosophy, and math. There were Shakespeare lectures, lessons on the formula for computing the orbital velocity of a satellite, lessons on meat cutting. The prisoners recited poetry and staged plays.

"The human mind is so resilient," says Stafford. "It's amazing what you can remember when you put your mind to it. I had taken one year of Greek while I was at St. John's College, and I thought 'I'll never be able to remember how to conjugate,' but it all came back."

Today, Stafford is still able to rattle off Greek verbs in descending order. He is fluent in Spanish. He knows the five varieties of dairy cows, and which breed gives the most milk. He knows how to relieve day-to-day stress, and he knows how important it is to communicate with the people you care about.

Communication among the prisoners was imperative to their survival, says Stafford, and it was a constant battle between the POWS and their captors to keep the lines of communication open.

When a new prisoner would come to camp, he would be greeted by the sound of tapping: "Shave and a haircut." When he responded "two bits," the communicator would "applaud," a rapid sucession of taps. "There's not an American who doesn't know that sound," says Stafford.

The new POW was then ready to learn the alphabet, one tap at a time. Tap=a, tap-tap=b, and so on. It was cumbersome, but it got the job done, and when the listener anticipated the word before it was completely spelled, he would applaud. Eventually the prisoners developed a shorthand tap code.

They lined us up in military formation . . . and read us the peace agreement. We didn't believe it. We all said we'd believe it when we got 'feet wet,' a pilot's term for being clear of the enemy.

The tap code carried through concrete and wood, but when the prisoners were staggered in cells around the camp, a sign language using hand signals developed. And when that was impossible, the POWs stole paper from discarded cigarette wrappers and made ink with ashes and urine, and pens with bamboo slivers from their brooms. These notes could be dropped in the lavoratories.

The POWs used the tap code to communicate vital information regarding prison activity.

The first order of business was to establish communication among all prisoners to determine who was there and their physical condition. They communicated when they were shot down and who that POW knew from other camps. Everyone memorized the roster of inmates held all over Hanoi. They also determined who the senior officer was and what the camp policies were "now that we knew we couldn't follow our pre-established military policy," says Stafford.

"We needed to know what the interrogators were asking," he says, "and what they were being told. We learned not to hide anything from our fellow prisoners. If the captors got an internal secret out of you, you could come back with impunity and say 'I gave up the mailbox by the outhouse, but not the one by the clothesline.' Then the word would go out without anyone affixing blame or scorn."

Health was another top priority when the wall was open, says Stafford, because there was little medical care. "Constipation and diarrhea were common, so when someone discovered that eating the greens and throwing out the water from the soup they gave us helped with constipation, and drinking the water and throwing out the greens helped with diarrhea, that was important information."

POWs mashed bananas to shove between the teeth of roommates suffering lockjaw. They cradled the heads of ailing friends to pour water down their throats. They helped each other through the roughest of times, and that honesty and caring and love for one another they carried home with them.

Late in 1972, the POWs had their first indication that the Paris Peace Talks were progressing—the North Vietnamese moved the prisoners to a camp near the Chinese border, where they were housed together in sheds according to their date of capture. When the POWS were again moved to a camp in downtown Hanoi, and days went by without the sound of bombing, they realized that the war was over.

"They lined us up in military formation (something they had never done before)," says Stafford, "and read us the peace agreement. We didn't believe it. We all said we'd believe it when we got 'feet wet,' a pilot's term for being clear of the enemy."

Finally, on the ides of March in 1973, Stafford, then 38, found himself on a plane heading to Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. He was in the third group of POWS going home.

An on-going study conducted by the Pentagon that compares downed airmen with airmen who were not shot down concludes that the POW group today is healthier, both physically and emotionally. "We were damn near dead when we got home," says Stafford. "Men who normally weighed 180-200 pounds weighed 100-110. We suffered from diet deficiencies, broken bones, and joint damage.

"Yet an interesting thing happened around the tenth anniversary of our release," he continues. "They discovered that we were healthier than the control group. We had lower cholesterol, less heart disease. Ninety-nine percent of us had stopped drinking and smoking and had begun extensive exercise programs. We were happier in our marriages and with our children. And our IQ's, recorded before the war in routine testing, were measurably higher after incarceration."

This was remarkable, says Stafford, because airmen are cut of the same cloth. The two groups are of the same age, with simular educational backgrounds.

Stafford says his powers of healing are greater than most. When he cuts his finger, it heals "ten times faster." He does live on aspirin, he says, to relieve arthritis, but he was seldom sick in prison.

The POWS had acquired the habits of survival. They had created an appearance of normalcy, and learned to think normal thoughts. Every morning they woke up and washed with their tiny swatch of towel, folded their tattered piece of blanket, and swept their rooms with bamboo brooms. "We kept our rooms so clean that the rats went to live with the guards," says Stafford.

They studied with each other through the walls. They played chess and bridge in code through the walls. And they dreamed. Dreamed of what they would do once they returned home.

"One fellow wanted to build a dream house," says Stafford. "Another wanted to be a bush pilot in Alaska. Others wanted to go to law school or medical school. I wanted to buy a house on the water, go sailing, rebuild a beat-up old car. And we made layer after layer of contingency plans."

Most of them realized those dreams. But not before going through another rite of passage once they returned home.

"We were blindsided," says Stafford. "We had outsmarted ourselves. We had planned what we would do, but we didn't know how we would *feel*. We had learned to compartmentalize our feelings, and once we got home, it was a Rip van Winkle effect. We suddenly woke up in a strange world. Eighty percent of us came home to divorces. Everything we had known had changed—social attitudes, music. I remember driving down the road trying to find some music I liked on the radio and I pulled off the knob in frustration. And we weren't having any fun. We still weren't very far from the hole we had crawled out of."

His wife and children were gone. He suffered panic attacks, depression, insomnia. He realized he'd have to make himself survive here, just as he had in prison.

We had planned what we would do, but we didn't know how we would feel . . . and once we got home, it was a Rip van Winkle effect. We suddenly woke up in a strange world. Eighty percent of us came home to divorces. Everything we had known had changed— social attitudes, music.

"I adopted the philosophy 'fake it until you make it,'" says Stafford. "I bought a sailboat, I bought a house on the water, I went to Broadway plays, I started overhauling a '67 Ford pickup, and I met some nice girls. I did normal things. I wasn't enjoying them, but I made myself do these things without paying attention to how I felt."

Within a year or so, he began to feel better. He served out the remaining four years of his Naval career in Pensacola, Florida, commanding a survival school —"Who knows more about survival than a POW?" He finished his college degree in sociological disciplines at the University of West Florida in Pensacola. And he fell in love with a young woman named Sheryl who lived across the canal from him. Her daughter, Amani, had spotted him first—that nice man across the way who let the kids play in his yard.

Al and Sheryl were married in 1980—"she dragged me to the altar, and it was the best thing that ever happened to me," he says—and together they have completed the final healing process since the war.

"Sheryl is so good for me. She's very private, and likes to stay home, yet she gives me a long leash because she knows how important it is for me to have motion and wide open space. She has an exquisite way of making me relax and calm down. If it weren't for her and Amani, I wouldn't be the same man I am today."

He takes great love and pride in his 20-year-old stepdaughter. "We can talk about anything," he says. "When she's afraid to tell her mother something, she knows she can come to me."

The emotional healing took time, but he is stronger. He has healed and flourished, just as a tree that is repeatedly pruned grows taller and straighter.

Now retired, he spends his time sailing, enjoying music and his family, and visiting friends. One of those friends, an ex-Special Forces veteran named Geoff Norman who is a freelance writer and also on the editorial staff of *Esquire* Magazine, is writing a book about the POW experience. The book, entitled *Bouncing Back*, includes interviews with and experiences of Stafford and several other POWs who lived with him in Hanoi. The book is scheduled for publication by Houghton-Mifflin in August 1990.

"I want to convey what good came out of my experience," says Stafford. "Now that it's over, I know I've been a better husband, a better father to Amani, a better friend to my friends, a better senior officer. I've learned to be honest with myself. "

There are still scars, of course. "There's a fine line between solitude and isolation," he says. "I like going sailing by myself, but after five or six days, I realize I'm not enjoying it anymore, and I begin to look for a marina with people in it!"

He and his fellow POWs get together every three years for reunions, and Stafford stays in touch with many of his friends on his frequent "visiting" jaunts. They are bound together by a common experience and the things they learned from one another. "We had been in better places," Stafford says, "but never in better company."

Back Tracking With Coach Chatellier

by Robert A. Greenberg '74

This article is dedicated to the memory of Steven Louis Bartalsky II '73, a trackman and real life hero who was killed in a helicopter crash in August of 1987 in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.

Track at Washington College is but a memory now, having faded from the College's sports schedule in 1982. During the Athletic Hall of Fame induction ceremonies in early October, the College recognized the many contributions Coach Donald M. Chatellier, an ex-sprinter himself, made to the sport. Since I was unable to be there, I'd like to offer this personal tribute to this year's special inductee—Washington College's long-suffering track and cross country coach. I was one of the many who ran, threw or jumped for him during his 27 years of coaching track and field.

We called him Chatty (with an "sh"). Whether that appellation was an abbreviated form of his last name, or a title awarded him for his loquaciousness was never clear. It is sufficient to say that Chatty could talk the hide off a horse.

He was reared in the 1940s in Kearny, New Jersey, and on the wrong side of the tracks, he is quick to add. (Although I express no opinion on the subject, I am told by some that Kearny has no "right" side of the tracks.) Chatty's was an upbringing largely alien to the pre-Yuppies who peopled his meager squads.

After graduating from Springfield College, Chatty began his tenure at Washington College in the mid-1950s, when the team was competing on an old cinder track. Many years later, at Chatty's urging, the school constructed a new all-weather track.

That track was Chatty's pride and joy, and he could always be found in its vicinity, tinkering with the pole vault standards, setting up the hurdles, or painting fresh yellow lines to demarcate the relay passing zones.

The track had one drawback: it was located about 150 yards downwind from Chestertown's largest employer, the Vita Foods pickle plant. When the wind blew just right, the smell of brine and vinegar was so pungent that competitors frequently felt the urge to belch upon crossing the finish line.

Chatty had also designed a five-mile cross country course to the northwest of campus. It was bisected by a railroad line, upon which interminable freight trains chugged twice a week. The layout of the course required the runners to cross the track four times. Chatty always scheduled meets so as not to conflict with these iron horses.

Coach Chatellier times Dave Bird '70 as he sets a school record in the mile (4:20.4) against Johns Hopkins on May 3, 1969.

But during one home meet against Gallaudet College, a school for the deaf, somone got their signals crossed and, with the race nearing its end, a train crept towards 15 or 20 unsuspecting harriers.

Chatty saw the train approaching at its top speed of about five miles an hour. By dint of sheer doggedness, he was able to persuade the reluctant engineer to stop the train so that the runners, nearly all of whom had crossed the track three times, could cross for the final time and head for the finish, one-half mile distant.

Just before the lead pack of runners approached the tracks, however, the engineer grew tired of waiting, spat a chaw of tobacco, and hit the throttle, or whatever it is that one hits to start a train. Pandemonium followed.

Several of the Washington runners managed to beat the train to the grade crossing. A group of more conservative Gallaudet competitors ran in place while the train inched its way clear of the crossing, thereby adding about five minutes to their finishing time. Yet another group from both teams ran towards the rear of the train, hoping to run around it.

Gallaudet's coach was at first bewildered, and then infuriated when he realized that the foul-up had cost his team a chance at winning the meet, and he signed angrily to anyone within view. The record books, however, carry this meet as a Sho'men victory, without an asterisk.

Chatty was possessed of a foghorn voice that, when the occasion demanded, could be heard above all others. During the 1973 Penn Relays, held at Philadelphia's Franklin Field, Washington's mile relay team competed before nearly 20,000 spectators.

Our leadoff leg was a tiny (5'6", 130 pounds) "townie" named Jackie. When he tired during a race, Jackie habitually threw his head back, an unconscious movement that shortened his stride and slowed his time.

About 300 yards into his quarter-mile leg, he was engaged in a furious duel for the lead with a much taller opponent. Looking like Mutt and Jeff, they rounded the penultimate turn. The crowd threw its undivided support to the little man, and the roar was deafening.

Seated in the stands at least 100 yards away, Chatty suddenly saw the tell-tale sign that his man was tiring. In his inimitable voice he bellowed: "GET YOUR CHIN DOWN, JACKIEEE!!!"

It took a full second for the message to travel across the infield. The sound waves probably bounced off the scoreboard affixed to the stadium' upper deck before crashing down onto poor Jackie's head. His chin dropped immediately.

Several years before, in the same stadium, Chatty watched in abject horror as the third man on our relay team, intent upon passing opponents at the finish of his quarter-mile leg, neglected to pass the baton to the anchor man. After proceeding ten yards up the track and past the passing zone, he realized his omission, made a 180-degree turn, and nearly collided with the anchor man, who was in dogged pursuit of the baton. Chatty said it was the kind of scene one frequently sees published in "Best Sports Photographs of the Year," but, alas, nobody was there to snap it.

The Penn Relays were the highlight of the track year. Most of the time, however, the Sho'men participated in dual meets witnessed by no more than a girlfriend or two and several stray dogs. Often, team membership barely reached double figures. Chatty constantly bemoaned the fact that, despite the presence of some decent athletes, we were losing meets because of a lack of what he called "numbers."

On a track trip to Wagner College in 1971, our team rolled into the gymnasium parking lot in a huge bus, designed to seat 60 passengers. Chatty ordered the 12 of us to the side of the bus nearest the gym, one to a seat, in an effort to deceive the opposition concerning the size of our team, and perhaps gain some sort of psychological edge. The ploy didn't work, as we were beaten by a much bigger squad.

Usually, however, our undersized squad traveled to meets in several cars. On such a trip occurred one of the more celebrated incidents in Washington College track annals.

The Eddie Haskell of our team was a bespectacled miler who we'll call Larry, since that was his name. On the day in question, three or four cars containing the track squad were *en route* to a meet in Pennsylvania. Chatty drove one car, containing several members. Larry was a rear passenger in another car, traveling behind Chatty's.

In an attempt to alleviate the boredom usually attendant to this several-hour trip, a group of conspirators riding in Larry's car planned to pass Chatty at a high rate of speed. As they did so, Larry—giving new meaning to the term "rear passenger" — agreed to shed his track shorts and "moon" Chatty and his crew.

On a long, straight stretch of Maryland Route 301, the plan was executed to perfection. Chatty was chattering away when he sensed a vehicle approaching on his left. Glancing casu-

PHOTO: BOB WILLIS

At top, Coach Don Chatellier with Marty Smith '67 on May 4, 1966, the day after he set the half mile record (1:59.9) against Catholic U. Smith, who had beaten two 1965 Mason-Dixon finalists in that race, was inducted to the Hall of Fame in 1988. Above, Chatellier poses with his wife, Elizabeth, at the Hall of Fame induction ceremony on October 6. Right, the 1974 cross country team, from left to right: John Maranaccio, Bob Greenberg (the author), Tom Clement, Dan Scharf (another Hall of Famer inducted in 1988), Jackie Johnson, Mark Sherman, and Bob Atkinson.

ally in that direction, he spotted Larry's bottom firmly pressed against the car window. A moment of silence ensued before Chatty noted for the benefit of his passengers: "I see Larry's not wearing his glasses today."

After every meet, it was customary for most of the trackmen to congregate in Chatty's office after showering and dressing. Since Chatty's middle name is Mort, we called such get-togethers "post-mortems."

At these meetings, Chatty would critique our performance, and read us the latest correspondence from some high school hotshot who was thinking of enrolling at Washington College the next year.

He would lean back in his chair, feet propped up on his desk, with a ridiculous-looking tennis hat perched on his head, and proclaim: "Well, babe, I got a letter here from a kid in Mauch Chuck, Pennslvania. Ever hear of it? He runs the 100 in 10.5, the 200 in 23.9 —and he wants money."

With that, Chatty would crumple the letter into a ball, and toss it in the trash can. There were no athletic scholarships at Washington College.

Chatty was a master at working within budgetary restraints. Witness the freshman cross-country runner who complained to Chatty that he had been issued medium-sized sweat pants, when he really needed large.

"You need large?," Chatty asked rhetorically. Whereupon, he took the mediums, alternately stepped on the elasticized ankle of each leg and pulled from the waistband. He then returned the pants, now size "large," to the bewildered newcomer.

One year, returning to school after summer vacation, several trackmen headed over to the gym to greet Chatty. He was poring over a booklet called *New Faces*, published by the College and containing pictures and names of the freshmen and transfers.

He proudly informed us that we had potential to field an "All-Beer" mile relay team this year. It seemed he had found four newcomers named Schlitz, Budd, Miller and Ballantine, respectively, among the freshmen pictures. Only one, however, had enough gusto to come out for the team.

Because of the inevitable "numbers" problem, it was Chatty's fondest desire to somehow land a blue-chip prospect who would be the envy of the conference. Several rival coaches had managed to accomplish this.

Widener College had successfully recruited sprinter Billy Johnson, later to gain fame in the National Football League as "White Shoes" (and then "Street Shoes" after he sustained a serious leg injury.) Western Maryland College had lured a world class Norwegian discus thrower named Knut Hjeltnes. Mount Saint Mary's College had begun recruiting foreign Olympians, as well.

So it was with some degree of smugness that Chatty informed us one day that a 27-year-old, national class Nigerian runner had enrolled at Washington College.

According to Chatty's information, "Daniel" had been a soldier in the Nigerian Army, and was a national class quarter-miler and long-jumper.

He showed up on the first day of track practice, and was eyed by the rest of us with a good deal of awe. True, he looked a tad thick through the middle, but we attributed this to the probability that he'd been subsisting on a starchy military diet. Noting our apparent interest, he approached, introduced himself, and proclaimed: "I do 440 and flat jumps." Our best quarter-miler agreed to pace Daniel through a fast lap. We watched as they strode off together.

It was apparent after 40 or 50 yards that Daniel was not in top shape. By 60 yards it was apparent that, in actuality, he had never before run for anybody or anything (except maybe the bus), much less a national class team. By 100 yards, it was apparent that he needed medical attention, as he was now prostrate on the track.

Fortunately, Daniel did in time arise, and was able to make it back to the locker room under his own power. I don't think we ever saw him again.

Purportedly because of a lack of interest ("numbers"?), Washington College eventually dropped track from its athletic program. Chatty was named the crew coach, and our locker room was taken over by the lacrosse team.

I visited the school recently, after several years' absence, and headed straight for the track. There was grass growing through it in spots, and the lane markings were barely discernible. The pickle plant is now a couplings manufacturing plant that gives off no aroma. The train doesn't even run anymore, that particular line having been abandoned. And, I suppose, Larry probably now wears contacts.

Robert A. Greenberg was captain of the 1973 cross country team and the 1974 track team. He is now a partner in the law firm of Santa Maria, Greenberg and Shelton in Gaithersburg, Maryland. He is still running.

Introducing "The Girls Next Door"

by Peter Turchi '82

Peter Turchi's first novel, *The Girls Next Door*, is a success, both with the critics and with the reading public. Released by New American Library this past July, the book is already in its second printing and has met favorable reviews not just in Baltimore, Turchi's hometown and the setting for the book, but across the country.

"It's one thing when the critics like it," Turchi commented. "It's another when the public buys it."

Turchi, Washington College's 1982 Sophie Kerr Prize winner, expects to follow his literary debut with the publication of a collection of short stories he recently completed, and a second novel, now in the works. Progress on his second novel "is moving very well," he says, and he hopes to have it ready for publication by the beginning of next summer.

The young novelist returned to Washington College in late October to participate in a writing workshop with students and to read from the book that has Marylanders buzzing.

Here is a taste of this delightful read—Chapter One of *The Girls Next Door*.

In the early days of our marriage Donna and I did everything together. When she vacuumed, I held the cord; when I took out the trash, she came along for the walk. But by our eleven-month anniversary, in June of 1963, things had already started to change. While Donna went out with her mother that day, I stayed home and helped prostitutes move into the neighborhood.

Looking back, I see how that should have been a sign of trouble. At the time, everything wasn't so clear.

We were weeding when a new white Bonneville with dealer plates rolled onto the driveway, as quiet as money. Evelyn, Donna's mother, hit the brakes, honked, and waved for her to come over. Evelyn always kept the engine running as long as possible. She liked the sound of a new car.

Donna walked back to me.

"She wants to go shopping," she said.

"Of course she does."

"Mom needs a pocketbook. I could use some buttons."

Donna was tall and slender, she had soft chestnut hair, and the corners of her mouth connected directly to my heart. When she smiled I couldn't say no.

But when they left, I stopped working. It wasn't that Donna spent a lot of money—she would go out for hours and come home with three yards of material and a zipper for a new skirt. What I couldn't figure was why anyone would want to spend a beautiful afternoon shopping. We had decided to have a baby, and it worried me that I didn't understand my wife.

The other thing that bothered me was the weeding. I like to plant—gardening is one of the hobbies Donna

Turchi participated in a writing workshop at the Literary House before his reading.

and I both enjoy—but it seemed futile for everything to be so healthy. In the fall, when my father died, it had been right that blooms were fading, leaves falling. The chrysanthemums, which normally put on a show into November, succumbed to a freak early frost. In winter everything died off, of course. But spring had been perfect, and by early summer the beds were beautiful. As if out of spite, African violets shot runners across the yard in all directions, the daffodils by the front sidewalk propagated so profusely that I had to thin them out. Even so, when I looked at the flowers all I saw were brown stems, shriveled petals—what they would be in the fall.

It seemed to me the least I could do was to remember my parents by maintaining the garden my mother had started, the house my father had built. But I was having a hard time weeding. I pulled them out by the roots and turned the dirt with a gardening shovel, but when I finished, the row didn't look brown and fresh, the way my mother's had; little bits of weed stuck up everywhere, laughing at me. I couldn't get the beds to look the way they did in my memory.

I was on my knees when a pickup truck pulled into the driveway we shared with the house next door. It was a dirty green Ford, piled high with carpets and furniture—chairs, a table, a dismantled bed, a lamp. A girl in a loose blouse and tight yellow pants stepped out of the driver' side, stretched her arms high, and groaned. Her face was pale, with light brown freckles that matched her hair. She looked to be in her late teens, but when she glanced over, a hardness behind her eyes made her seem older.

The passenger door opened and another girl walked around the front of the truck. She was blonde and thin—too thin, as if she had been sick. She was wearing a man's white T-shirt and cut-off shorts.

"Hey there," she said.

She was talking to Joe, who was watching them from behind the toolshed. He barked and wagged his tail. The girls walked to the front of the house next door, out of sight.

Over the past ten years I had seen a lot of people move in and out of that house. I wondered if these two were moving in alone, and what they were waiting for. Maybe one was helping—the one with the freckles—and they were waiting for the blonde's husband. Somthing about the one with freckles made me nervous. She looked angry, as if she were having an argument with someone no one else could hear.

The house belonged to an enterprising man named L. V. Bellshaw, who had a certain notoriety as the owner of Liberty Low-Priced Liquors, the only liquor store in Snyder's Mill. Before he bought it, the house had stood vacant for months. The overgrown yard made it look haunted, and the garage, modeled after a Victorian carriage house, suffered from broken windows and from the dozen or so birds that visited each year. In the first few weeks, Bellshaw had the yard groomed, the garage cleaned, the windows replaced, and the house painted. But the flurry of activity was deceiving; no one came to cut the grass again, and the paint began chipping and flaking immediately. We knew then that Bellshaw wasn't moving in.

Now the gravel in the driveway scattered as a light blue Chevy with a steel-gray hood pulled in behind the green pickup. A third girl got out, short and black-haired and almost chubby. She walked around front as another car pulled all the way to the end of the driveway, near our toolshed. Joe jumped back, then pressed forward, barking, protecting his territory. The second car was a white Cadillac. It was more than a few years old, and it had a rusted dent by the rear fender, but it was the first Cadillac I had ever seen in our neighborhood. The trunk lid was propped open by two big green shrubs like decorated toothpicks sticking out of a tray of hors d'oeuvres. The driver, a man in his late fifties, stared at Joe as he rolled up his sleeves. He didn't take off his hat. He walked around to the front of the house slowly, as if he wished he hadn't come.

The other door of the Cadillac opened and a woman with strawberry-blond hair got out, sizing up Bellshaw's house. She looked wiry and tough, not like the kind of woman who spent her afternoons shopping. She took loose strides, like a man, and smoked a cigarette that dangled low from her lip. As she walked out of sight she glanced over at me, and I thought I saw her wink. If she did it was in a flash, and by the time I recovered she was gone.

In the early days of our marriage Donna and I did everything together. When she vacuumed, I held the cord; when I took out the trash, she came along for the walk. But by our eleven-month anniversary, in June of 1963, things had already started to change. While Donna went out with her mother that day, I stayed home and helped prostitutes move into the neighborhood.

While the new people unloaded, I trimmed back some narcissus, minding my own business. I like to think of myself as friendly, but Bellshaw's past tenants hadn't been the kind of people you'd be in a hurry to meet. Most of the previous family he had rented to had ended up in jail. Even so, when one of the girls shouted and fell, I looked up; the rest were inside, so I ran over.

The blonde was lying in the bed of the pickup, half under an oak dresser. I lifted it back and held out my hand.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm dusty," she said.

"That's all right." I showed her the dirt on my hands. "I'm a mess."

She held on and I pulled her up. Her grip was strong, and when she stood she paid no attention to the scrape on her arm from knocking against the side of the truck.

"My name," she said. "Like dirty. Rhymes with rusty." She smiled and I knew she had used the line before.

"I'm George," I told her. "Looks like you could use some help."

We struggled with the dresser—it

was like moving a tree.

"Are you sure this thing is empty?" I stood trapped against the wheel well of the truck.

"It's just shirts and stuff," Dusty said.

"Take out your drawers."

"Do what?" Her voice was high and uneven, like an adolescent boy's. It was the only awkward thing about her, and it gave me confidence.

"Take them out," I told her. "This thing is heavy enough."

I waited, pinned, while she found a place to put them. "I would have

come over earlier, but we've been having neighbor trouble."

"Oh yeah?" Dustry balanced a drawer on the arm of a white couch. "Us too."

"It's a shame," I said, sympathizing. "Decent people suffer just because a few others can't be civilized."

The woman and the chubby girl helped us carry the dresser up the front steps and inside. When we were back on the lawn the woman wiped her hand on her plaid Bermuda shorts and held it out.

"I'm Grace," she said. "You married?"

The question caught me off guard; I didn't answer fast enough for her.

"Must be," she said. "Got a big gold ring. And you sure as hell *look* married." Her voice was a loud rasp, the product of too many cigarettes. "You hustled right over to give us a hand. Just being a good neighbor, right?"

"The dresser fell," Dusty told her. "He told me to take off my drawers."

"I didn't—"

"A man of action," Grace said. "I like that. This is Eve"—she pointed—"and that's Kristin." Eve, the big-breasted girl with black hair, gave me an odd look, and I almost checked to see if my fly was unzipped. Kristin, the angry one with freckles, was already walking away.

"I'm George," I said. "George Willus."

"Glad to meet you, George," Grace said. "Everybody around here as neighborly as you?"

"At least. It's a friendly neighborhood. You won't have any trouble with us."

"That's good to know," she said. "We're friendly neighbors ourselves. You never seen people so friendly."

The man in the black hat walked by with a short cigar in his mouth and a lamp in one hand. He looked like a G-man from the forties.

Grace stopped him. "Larry, say hello to our new neighbor."

Larry glared at her, then at me.

"I'm George," I said again. I felt as if I were running for office. "George Willus."

Larry grunted.

"Don't mind him," Grace told me. "The man's got all the personality of burnt rubber."

I gave Kristin a hand with a heavy glass tabletop. As we moved up the driveway, I asked her where they had come from.

She bit her lip, concentrating on keeping a firm grip as we reached the stairs. Her eyes darted, never looking in one direction for long. I wasn't sure she had heard me.

"Have a long drive?" I said, louder.

"Two days."

We turned the glass sideways and edged through the door. "Where's it go?"

"Against the wall," she said; then, "East."

"What?"

"Two days, straight east. Dullsville."

"Worth it, though."

Her look implied otherwise, but she didn't waste words. We walked back outside.

"I mean, you're here," I said. "This is a nice part of the country, don't you think?"

Kristin stood at the bottom of the porch steps, taking in the yard, our house, the neighborhood.

She said, "It sure don't look like much."

When we reached the pickup I handed down a chair so we could get to the couch. A cigar ash fell on my arm; Larry made a vaguely apologetic grunt.

Eve said, "It's hot out here. We should've got a house with a pool."

I told her there was a pond in the backyard, and everyone looked. There was nothing but grass.

"Filled in," I said. "But you could probably fix it up. It was about ten feet from the back steps."

"Deep enough to swim in?" Eve asked.

It had been covered over for as long as I could remember, but I doubted it was deep. She said she wished they have moved near the ocean, and she seemed surprised when I told here it was only two and a half hours away.

Kristin came back from the house. "Hey," Eve told her, "did you hear that? Maryland has an ocean."

"Killer," Kristin said. "Which one?"

As soon as we emptied the pickup truck and the Cadillac, Larry left. While the others worked inside, Dusty and I unloaded the blue Chevy.

"That's a great dog you've got," she said. "What kind is he?"

"Golden retriever. His name is Pokerino."

"What's that, Italian?"

It was a game on the boardwalk in Ocean City. Friends of Donna's family owned one of the arcades, and when their dog had puppies they named them Skeeball, Pinball, and Pokerino. We called him Joe.

"Crazy," Dusty said.

We walked back to the car. She was the easiest one to talk to, and when she asked questions she listened to the answers.

She said, "You lived here long?"

"Always. Twenty-four years." I handed her a box of shoes from the back seat. "What brings you to Maryland?"

"Larry has a friend who owns some bars downtown."

"Are all of you moving in?"

"What's it look like?" It wasn't a rhetorical question; she seemed to want to know the answer.

Grace and Larry looked like an odd pair, and the three girls didn't look like sisters. But I didn't tell her that. Instead I told her about the other people who had lived in that house.

Bellshaw's tenants had never belonged to the neighborhood; they were all destined to move on, like the migrating birds that rested in the garage each spring and fall. When I was in college, a couple in their early thirties lived there. We never saw much of them until, two weeks before Christmas in 1961, the husband crammed everything he could into his bright red Corvette.

"Ooh," Dusty said. "That's my car."

"But he left her," I said.

"What did she do?"

"Another guy moved in."

She didn't respond.

"They weren't married."

"Don't tell me," Dusty said. "Big scandal."

The other door of the Cadillac opened and a woman with strawberry-blond hair got out, sizing up Bellshaw's house. She looked wiry and tough, not like the kind of woman who spent her afternoons shopping. She took loose strides, like a man, and smoked a cigarette that dangled low from her lip. As she walked out of sight she glanced over at me, and I thought I saw her wink. If she did it was in a flash, and by the time I recovered she was gone.

She was the first person I saw react that way to that kind of news. I had been surprised when it became clear that the couple were living together, but then I decided it was their business. Mine was a minority view, to say the least, and I never let on that I wasn't outraged.

The neighborhood had been shocked. When my parents built their house they chose to live near people like themselves: friendly and warm but quiet, politically and morally conservative. There had been a momentary uproar, culminating in a three-and-a-half-hour meeting of the Snyder's Mill Community Association. Our neighbor and her new friend weren't invited. It all blew over when the man, a building contractor, finished his new house and took her with him.

"Sounds like he was loaded," Dusty said. "Good for her."

"Early last year the next people moved in, a family of five." The word on them spread even faster. The three children were boys; a fourth, a girl, was in jail for assaulting a policeman. Their mother worked during the day as a beautician down the street, at nights as a waitress at a diner on Reisterstown Road. Their father was an alcoholic, and I can still remember hearing him drive up in the early morning in their battered black Olds, turning the car in a great drunken arc beginning just past their mailbox and running up onto our lawn, next to the telephone pole. The boys were as bad as their sister. One day in early July, Bill Steinkamp, a neighbor who worked for the phone company, walked out the front door with a cup of coffee in his hand, late for work, and stood staring at the empty driveway. Two days later the police found his truck in Hagerstown. In the fall the three boys weren't at the corner where Mr. Wheatley's school bus stopped, and in October one of them was arrested in the drugstore down the street.

"Sounds tough," Dusty said, handing me a flat box of hangers that had been stuffed under the front seat. I thought I heard sympathy for the family in her voice. Like everyone else, I had been relieved when they left.

I said, "I felt sorry for the mother." I used to see her walking to work the mornings after her husband had come home late. After the youngest was put in a detention center, the neighborhood was quiet for a while, but the day before Christmas the Pattersons came back from dinner at their daughter's to find their presents stolen and the living-room furniture spray-painted. A few days later the other two boys were arrested, and in February Bellshaw evicted their parents.

"Just like that?"

"Sure," I said, wondering what kind of place she had lived in. "This isn't that kind of neighborhood. Until they got here, we never locked our doors."

"Serious?" She shut the side door of the car and walked around to the trunk. I followed her.

"Everybody was angry with Bellshaw. People want him to be more careful about who he rents the house to."

"So now he's being careful?"

"This woman, Viginia Mead—she's the president of the Community Association—she tried to stir up some action against him."

"What happened?" Dusty stacked some dish towels on top of my load of hangers.

"She didn't have much luck. She's not very popular."

The house had been empty for four months. Donna and I were used to seeing Bellshaw drive up on Saturday evenings to make sure that no windows had been broken and that the lock on the rusty gate by the back porch was still intact; he'd wave his cigar to us and leave.

Dusty said, "So we're not even moved in yet, and everybody around here probably wishes the house would just stay empty."

"Not me," I said. "I'm glad you're here."

And I was. It felt right to have people living in the old house again, people who would be part of the neighborhood. Besides, earlier, working in the garden, I had been worying about weeds, and Donna's mother, and having a baby; since I had walked across the driveway I had forgotten all that.

"Well, good," Dusty said, pulling a box of records out of the trunk. "I hope we pass the test."

The Girls Next Door, by Peter Turchi, New American Library, A Division of Penguin Books USA Inc., New York, 278 pages, $18.95.

The Girls Next Door *was excerpted with the permission of the publisher.*

ALUMNI REPORTER

Five Inducted To Athletic Hall Of Fame

Former track coach Don Chatellier, football guard Allen Rayfield Kirby '42 and three deceased athletes were inducted to Washington College's Athletic Hall of Fame on October 6.

The families of Joseph F. Ingarra '52, Clayton J. McGran '26 and William A. Smith '40 accepted their posthumous awards.

Chatellier, who has been with the College's athletic department since 1955, was the special inductee. He coached track for 27 years and cross country for 33 years. Of the College's 24 track and field records covering all events contested, 22 were set during his tenure.

Ray Kirby left his mark on the Washington College football program, holding down either a guard or tackle position for four years. Ray was selected to the 1940 All-Maryland football team, and the University of Delaware named him to its All-Opponent team. He also played basketball and baseball.

Joe Ingarra, a Navy veteran and the father of two by the time he came to Washington College, played right guard in football on two of the most outstanding teams ever formed. He played baseball in right field during his freshman and sophomore years, and during the 1949-50 season, the Shoremen won the northern division basketball championship of the Mason-Dixon Athletic Conference.

Clayt McGran was a member of the legendary "Flying Pentagon" basketball team. In the two years that Clayt played basketball, the team scored 44 victories in 49 attempts, and went undefeated in 1924-25 with 25 straight wins. He also won varsity letters in football (at the end position) and baseball (at shortstop).

Bill Smith was a most versatile athlete. He participated in the three popular sports of football (offensive and defensive end), basketball (guard) and baseball (first base), and helped with the tennis and track programs as well. In basketball, he was considered one of the most graceful and gifted athletes to ever play for the College. During his tenure, the Shoremen won two Maryland Collegiate basketball championships and three Maryland Collegiate baseball championships.

Members of the 1950 football team and the 1963-64 basketball team were also honored.

Admissions Office Recruits Alumni

The search for good students is a never-ending task, and often, the most successful recruiting mechanism is word of mouth. In an effort to keep the tongues wagging, the admissions office has established an admissions alumni network.

More than 20 alumni have pitched in to help with college fairs and high school visits in their area. This fall, alumni will be telephoning prospective students in their hometowns. They will then follow-up in the spring with those students who are accepted.

"We're also trying to plan receptions for students in the Baltimore and Washington areas with the alumni chapters there," says Nancy Nunn, associate director of admissions.

A list of the network leadership will appear in the spring issue of the *Magazine*. If anyone wants to help out, or wants to be put in touch with the leader in his or her area, please contact Nancy Nunn at 1-800-422-1782.

PHOTO: BOB WILLIS

Alumni returning for Fall Weekend enjoyed good food, good music, and some great athletic contests. In lacrosse, the "odds" beat the "evens" 9 to 8, and in baseball, the alumni beat the varsity 6 to 3.

CLASS NOTES

'23 Gilbert Byron was a celebrated speaker at Chesapeake College's Eastern Shore Culture Week in April. He is author of numerous fiction, poetry, and nonfiction books about the Shore. *The Lord's Oyster*, his best known novel, is based on his boyhood in Chestertown.

'29 George "Gimp" Carrington was honored at a testimonial dinner at Frostburg State University in May for his long and distinguished career as an educator and coach.

'30 William "Ted" Boston was an assistant state superintendant for the Maryland State Department of Education. He and his wife of 57 years are now living at the junction of historic Church Creek and Fishing Creek in Woolford, MD. They are building a small house there where they enjoy fishing, boating and gardening.

'32 Charlotte Holloway and Robert Furman '33 have a home on Pensacola Bay in Florida. They sail the Bay on their boat and cruise the oceans on large ships, most recently, Cruise America. They would like to see alumni who might be in their area.

'34 Kathryn McKenney Michaels works as a volunteer at her local hospital in Wilmington, DE. Her hobbies are oil painting, sewing and bridge.

'35 Ivon Culver is cruising through retirement. He and his wife, Jane, celebrated 44 years together by traveling to South America on the "Love Boat" this spring. In early summer they toured Texas and Florida. In August they cruised the Alaskan coast and toured the interior. When in port Ivon plays tennis and volunteers at the Performance Arts Center in Palm Harbor, FL.

'36 Ralph Weinroth is involved in the training of correctional officers for the State of Florida and Broward County Sheriff's Office. He conducts workshops for correctional and police officers in stress awareness and resolution and interviewing and counseling techniques. He lives in Fort Lauderdale.

'37 Robert White is chairman of the Maryland Food Bank, Salisbury branch. He is managing a capital fund drive for buildings to store food for the needy.

'39 George Eisentrout came to Chestertown from Olympia, WA, for his 50th Reunion in May.

'40 John Copple has retired as manager of J.P. Steven, Inc. and now spends his time golfing and woodworking around his home in Easley, SC.

Robert Everett has retired to his farm in Clayton, DE. He returns to campus as a member of the Athletic Hall of Fame Committee.

'42 John Harris has been retired from the DuPont Co. for seven years. He traveled the East Coast from Miami to Kent Fort and visited Quebec, the Maritimes, Germany, Austria and Switzerland. "Dr. Davis' German sure came in handy." He "had a ball" at his 45th Reunion in May.

John Kirwan and his wife bought season airline tickets and toured the U.S. for 13 months, visiting national parks and other landmarks from Mexico to Canada. In between travel they planted 3,000 seedlings on their tree farm in Oxon Hill, MD.

'47 John Barnes is president of J&L Building Materials, Inc. and Viwinco, Inc., manufactors of vinyl replacement windows. He shows driving horses in the Beryn, PA, area and enjoys the Southern California weather and Pacific Ocean from his waterfront condo.

'48 Donald Derham wants Clayt McGran to visit him in Roswell, GA.

Arnold Hayes and a friend have formed a production company to begin a dinner theatre in Carroll County. The Havilah-Hayes Dinner Theatre is located in Taneytown, MD. Their production calendar includes *The Sunshine Boys* and *I Do, I Do.*

Harry Walsh is settling down on the Outer Banks of NC after years of travel. He has retired from surgery and plans to write full time. At present he is considering the Baltimore *Sun* and Gannett News Service. His son, Patrick '85, is at East Carolina Medical School.

'51 Oden Lee Smith has been self-employed for ten years as an accounts payable auditor and is enjoying the best years of his career. He and his wife, Pat, have a lakefront home in Woodstock, GA, and a winter home in Florida.

'53 Jane Bradley Lowe has retired as president of the Talbot Co. (MD) Board of Education. She begins a new job as liason to local governing body for the Board to promote better understanding of educational goals for Talbot Co.

Fred Mittenberger is alive and well in Cumberland, MD. He is almost finished paying college tuitions but still paying for weddings.

'54 Bob Appleby is getting back to politics. He was recently appointed to registrar for his precinct. "Being a Republican in a precinct that has 90% of the voters registered as Democrats has its challenges."

'55 Polly Taylor Smoot Grimaldi does a television show called "Alive and Well With Polly." She also is busy promoting her own line of vitamins and minerals packaged by Cecil County (MD) Handicapped Adults. She and her husband keep a sailboat at Georgetown on the Sassafras River and hope to move to Galena soon.

'57 William Litsinger and his wife, Ellen Jo Sterling '59, reside in Baldwin, MD.

Ellen Jo has taught for 15 years at Trinity Church Day School. Bill was the second of six ombudsmen appointed by the state secretary of health and mental hygiene to help constituents get health or mental health services.

Donna Miller Thompson is a high school librarian in Middletown, PA.

Antonio Rovira collaborates with *El Mondo*, a Spanish language newspaper in Orlando, FL. He is also involved with real estate investments and active in Kiwanis International.

E.F. "Sandy" Sandison is a realtor who specializes in "vintage houses," those built between 1870 and 1938. He also owns an antique shop and writes a weekly newspaper column, "On the Home Front," that deals with real estate topics. Sandy lives in Riverside, located midway between Los Angeles and Palm Springs, CA.

'61 Tony and Lydia Harvey Cameron live in Orinda, CA, near Bob Shockley. They see Dave Lance two or three times a year when he travels west to play golf. Tony visited campus in September and "was very impressed with its growth and building activities." They both hope to return for their 30th reunion in 1991.

David Hardiman recently resigned as a program manager with E-Systems, ECI Division in Florida and moved his family to the Pacific Northwest. He has accepted a position as vice president with an executive search firm in Portland, OR.

'63 Roy Ans is chairman of the department of obstetrics and gynecology at Hollywood Memorial Hospital in Florida.

Katherine Yoder Eaton gave up full-time sailing three years ago and then spent two years for a yacht management and charter promotion company in Ft. Lauderdale. In September she opened her own office, providing crew services, crew placement, mail and message service. She has traveled to Tahiti and toured the Olympic Peninsula in Washington with Lisa Ruedi '63.

George Stellges has been appointed to serve the North East Bayview Charge of the Methodist Church in Cecil County, MD.

'64 Jane Reynolds Sharrow M'82 has been working at Cecil Community College's Advising Center and coordinating the College's alumni program.

Thelma vonBehren Smullen is Rector of Holy Apostles Episcopal Church in Arbutus, MD. During the last few years she has served as Interim Rector of Episcopal churches in Silver Spring, Lexington Park and Georgetown.

'67 Judy Richter Johnson lives in the little Gulf Coast town of Cedar Key, FL, where she owns a gift shop.

Carl Ortman is headmaster of St. Joseph's Episcopal School in Boynton, FL, and is about to finish his doctorate in education. He played in two lacrosse tournaments with Maryland's over-35 team in Vail, CO.

'68 Susan Smith O'Connor received her doctorate in supervision and curriculum from University of Maryland and is an educational consultant for A Step Ahead. She has three children, all girls, and teaches learning disabled students at Chatsworth School in Catonsville, MD.

'69 Louise Masten and Steven Hammond adopted their first child, Paul, in Paraguay last February. "After 20 years of marriage without children he's really made some changes in our household." Louise has resigned as associate professor of mathematics at Lincoln University to care for Paul. Steven is in his second term in the Delaware House of Representatives where he chairs the Committee on Substance Abuse.

Daniel Lehman and his wife, Gail Ackerman, live in Oneida, NY. Daniel completed his ministerial studies and was ordained by the NY District of the Assemblies of God.

Linda Sheedy hosted the South Jersey Alumni Chapter at her home in Lindenwold this September. This party was planned with the help of chapter president Glen Beebe '81. Classmate Laura Beider was among those attending.

The Day The Earth Moved

David E. Morgan '65 was sitting in the *Tien Fu* restaurant in San Francisco drinking a beer and waiting for the World Series game between the Oakland Athletics and the San Francisco Giants to begin when the earthquake happened. He dove under the table. Fortunately, he and his fellow baseball fans were lucky—the only casualty was a bottle of Galliano that crashed from the bar.

"I knew it was real serious—you could feel the magnitude," Morgan says of the 7.1 earthquake that shook the Bay Area at 5:04 p.m. on October 17, causing an estimated $7 billion in damage and leaving thousands homeless.

What frightened Morgan the most was the fact that his son, visiting him from Salisbury, Md., was on a cable car sightseeing with two friends when the earthquake struck. "I was pretty upset until they showed up. He was ready to leave San Francisco that night. After the sun went down, it was pretty scary—there were no lights and you could see the fire burning at the Marina."

Morgan was one of the lucky ones — his home was built on rock. The Marina district, a neighborhood north of his that was hardest hit, was built on landfill in 1915, nine years after an earthquake leveled and burned the city. His downtown office building, the site of Computer Sciences Corporation, however, was declared unsafe until its structural integrity could be verified.

Morgan (far right) with his two children.

The former English major works at an Environmental Protection Agency site documenting Superfund cost recovery. The Superfund, established during the Carter administration, is an $8.5 million federal trust fund used to clean up hazardous waste sites. Cost recovery, explains Morgan, involves liability on the part of the companies responsible for dumping waste.

"If you live in San Francisco," he says, "the threat of earthquakes is something you have to accept." Morgan, who moved from the East Coast three years ago, thinks that risk is worth taking. "It's an atmosphere charged with creativity. The music, the art museums, the people—it's a great city."

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'70 Linda Honan Sheldon is Northwest representative for Sawmill River Post and Beam. "I have not cut my hair yet, and live surrounded by coyotes, bobcats and old growth fir."

'71 Chris Rogers and his wife, Lana Crawford '-73, have been in Paris for more than six years. Chris travels extensively throughout Africa for Citibank and Laura is working for a small real estate agency in Paris with many African clients.

'72 Les Cioffi is manager of Glue-Fold, Inc. in Clifton, NJ. He has a home and a boat in Chestertown.

Richard Wesp is the chairman of the social and behavioral sciences division at Elmira College in New York. He works with two former WC faculty members, Tony Layng and Tervo Kobayashi.

'73 Cathy Prager is living at home in Washington, D.C. and preparing to take the Psychology Graduate Record Examination with hopes of entering the American University next fall.

'74 Deborah Martin is involved in her tenth season as musical director of the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival, including composing the score for the Festival's production of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. She is business manager as well as violinist with the New Sussex Symphony Orchestra.

Susan Scheidle, a collection correspondent for Boise Cascade in Baltimore, plays tennis and swims a mile once a week. She and her twin sister were on the set in the local filming of a Barry Levinson production.

'75 Warren Blanton and his wife, Deborah Coile '74, live in Glen Mills, PA. Warren and his brother are building gorgeous 4,000 sq. ft. homes in Chester County. They started the business three years ago and have been quite successful.

Vali Somers is practicing law in Seattle, WA, at the firm Murray, Dunham and Murray with an emphasis in insurance defense litigation. She and her husband have a son, Colin.

'76 Kevin Coomer is a claims supervisor for Crum and Forster Insurance Company in Towson, MD. He is very proud of his daughters. Stephanie is in the Gifted and Talented Program at Joppatowne Elementary, and Stacey is a top student in her second grade class.

'77 Mikael Hansen is president of Copenhagen Imports, Inc., an import and retail operation specializing in Scandinavian residential and office furnishings. His family lives in Sarasota, FL.

Chris Mundy has put his architectural preservation training and experience to use in the sale and development of historic properties. He's opened an office in Leesburg, VA.

'78 Gail A. Emow is stationed at the Naval Reserve Readiness Center in Providence, RI, as the executive officer. She is pursuing an MBA at URI.

W. Jake Roberts is vice president in charge of index arbitrage and program trading at Paine Webber in Pittsburgh, PA.

Colleen O'Neill Slade and her husband, Gene, are on the residence staff of an inner city ministry in Denver called The Providence, a home for street people in transition. She loves being a wife and mother, dancing around dumptrucks and writing poetry. "Hello Jerae!" "Roberta-I'm going to write."

Carlos E. Wilton has been promoted to assistant dean of the University of Dubuque Theological Seminary in Iowa. His wife, Claire Pula '78, received her Master of Divinity degree from the University last December.

'79 Mary Espenshade is still singing and playing the recorder. She went to the Church Music Festival in Coventry, England in 1988 with a choir that then toured England and Wales. Mary has played recorder at the Maryland Renaissance Festival with Consort Anon for eight years.

John Jelich and his wife, Anne Bartlett, live in Trappe, MD, with their two boys. John is vice president of LaMotte Properties and is president of the Talbot County Board of Realtors for 1989-90. Anne owns her own landscape and design company called Spruce Up. Both are happy and doing well.

Victoria Gadsden Marsh produced and directed a production of *Agnes of God* that ran at the Leland Center in Boston Center for the Arts in September and October. As an actress she'll tour the southern states with Underground Railway Theatre in a production called *Home*, which deals with homelessness.

'80 Robert "Lain" Hawkridge is employed by UPS. He is also the owner and innkeeper of the Still Pond Inn and geneologist for the Descendents of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. His wife, Arlene Lee, is an attorney for the Legal Aid Bureau in Centreville, MD.

Leah Truitt Woodbury works at the U.S.

Army Laboratory Command in Adelphi and lives in Jessup, MD.

M '81 Esta Baker is chief of HIV/AIDS education training and public information for Baltimore City Health Department. She is in contact with Donna Butler Walker and hopes to visit her in Denver on her trip to San Fransisco this fall.

'81 Kane Benner recently married and honeymooned on a 36' sailboat on the Chesapeake. He is vice president for marketing, Pynn Corporation, which designs the trophies for the Molson Million Horse Race and the highest award given to Rolls Royce salesmen.

Marine Chief Warrant Officer George L. Dennis graduated this summer from a 26-week course at The Basic School at the Marine Corps Combat Development Command in Quantico, VA. He is assigned to the Fleet Marine Force.

Merrill Johnson is project manager for Metropolitan Partnership, Ltd., a commercial developer of high rise, high end retail and office space. He recently married and honeymooned in Bermuda.

John Lonnquest took a leave of absence as a senior contract administrator at Computer Data Systems of Rockville, MD, to work on his Ph.D. in military history at Duke University. He and his wife, Paddi, a computer programmer at IBM, moved to Durham, NC, last August.

'82 Doug Brown has moved from the Washington, D.C. area to Chicago, where he works for R & B Enterprises, a national real estate management and development company based in Los Angeles. He and his wife, JoAnn, celebrated their 4th wedding anniversary with a trip to Lake Geneva, WI.

Nanette Bouline Holmes received her BSN in 1985. After three years in Germany, her family returned to Dover, DE, where she is a staff nurse in pediatrics and maternity and working on her master's in nursing.

William McCain is president of W.R. McCain Appraisals in Salisbury, MD. In the spring he coaches the Delmar High School baseball team.

Warren Scott, Jr. has moved from Nantucket to Devon, PA, where he is self-employed in the real estate business.

'83 Kevin Beard has formed his own law firm, Beard and Markey, in Baltimore.

Tara Purnell Bruning and her husband, Scott, are living on their 55-acre horse farm located on the Chincoteague Bay near Snow Hill, MD. They are the owners of Dazzlers Jewelry and Caruso Pizza on the boardwalk in old town Ocean City.

Thomas McCoy received his Juris Doctor degree from the Widener University School of Law in May 1989. At graduation he was cited for having received an American Jurisprudence Award and for membership on the Moot Court Honor Board.

Eric Stedman is media director for Duffy-Vinet Institute in Longhorne, PA. He will be directing an educational children's touring program for the Bristol Riverside Theatre in his spare time. His first production will be an original version of "Beauty and the Beast" with music. "Linda Hamilton '-78 and others are all welcome to audition."

'84 Tinsley Belcher and Vanessa Haught are living in Wilmington, DE, where they run an aerobics school. Tinsley teaches low-impact aerobics and body stretching. Vanessa is involved with dance and movement. They look forward to their six-month sojourn to Boise, ID, where they will be employed by Smokey Davis Smoked Meats.

Georgeanna Linthicum Bishop, a curatorial assistant for the Baltimore Museum of Art, missed her 5th reunion because she was traveling in Kenya. She says "hello" to everyone she missed.

Frances Burnet is special events coordinator for First Boston Bank. She keeps in touch with Bill Mortimer '82, who has just completed his third and final year at NYU film school. "I had a starring role in one of his films and was an extra in two others." She also sees Brian Meehan '82 on occasion.

Alisyn Hendel completed the M.Ed. program in counseling/consultation at Keene State College. She is employed as a psychotherapist specializing in substance abuse counseling in Enfield, CT. She recently spoke with Mary Madison who is in her third year of law school at UC-Davis. Mary is contemplating a career in music and "singing the blues" at area night clubs. Alisyn wants Terri Delancey to get in touch.

Kelly Hardesty Phipps operates Bennett Point General Store and Catering in Centreville, MD.

Fannie Hobba Shenk is a print buyer and coodinator for Herrmann Advertising Design in Annapolis, Md.

Patty Stille is an administrative assistant at NEX, Inc., a publishing company in Eden, MD, providing recruitment services to health care professionals. She's responsible for in-house art production, computer programming, and office management.

'85 Paul Amirata graduated from Hofstra Law School in June 1989 and is currently seeking employment in a private law firm in New York or New Jersey. He and George Halivopoulus '86 are playing in

Deaths

Elizabeth Duvall '30, of Chestertown, died on October 16, 1989. She was 80. A former member of the College's Board of Visitors and Governors, she was a recipient of the College's Alumni Citation for Civic Affairs in 1988, and was the author of *Three Centuries of American Life: The Hynson Ringgold House of Chestertown*. She is survived by a daughter, two sons, three brothers, a sister, and two grandchildren.

Frank A. Badart '32 died on August 21, 1989 in Tunnis Mills, MD, of a heart attack. He is survived by his wife, Virginia Walls Badart '30.

Vincent Brant '35 died on June 4, 1989.

Mamie Vincent Davis '39 of Ocean City, MD, died September 23, 1989 of a heart failure. Miss Davis, 70, was a retired Worchester County school teacher who had been active in the Worchester Co. Retired Teachers Association, the Buckingham Presbyterian Church and the Women's Club of Ocean City. She is survived by one brother and several nieces and nephews.

Stephen Abramson '47 of West Palm Beach, FL, died August 2, 1989 of cancer. He was 63. He built office and apartment complexes as well as golf courses and single family homes. Steve was past president of the Palm Beach County Home Builders Association and the Florida State Home Builders Association. In 1980 he was named Builder of the Year in Florida. He is survived by his wife, one daughter, one son and five grandchildren, all of West Palm Beach.

Edmund H. Bray '48 of Annapolis, MD, died August 2, 1989 in a car accident in Easton, MD. He was 63. An avid sailor, Eddie was a member of the Sailing Club of the Chesapeake and was also a former swing musician. He is survived by his wife, Lida, three daughters, and a sister.

Robert H. Brink '50 of Fairfax Station, VA, died on July 31, 1989 of leukemia. He is survived by his wife, Margaret.

Births

Warren Milberg '62, a son, Evan Alexander, October 7, 1988.

Barbara Maddex Herrington '71, a daughter, Lindsay Elaine, August 8, 1988.

Michelle Kiikka Everett '73, a daughter, Jessica Marie, June 21, 1989.

David Palmer '75, a daughter, Julianna, June 14,1989.

Diana Duvall Grunow '77, a son, Paul W. D. Grunow, May 31,1989. Paul joins 2-year-old brother Andrew.

Taylor Conner McGee '78, a son, Sean Gavin, November 6,1988. Sean joins brother, Conner Michael, born July 2,1986.

Claire I. Pula '78 and Carlos E. Wilton '78, a daughter, Anna Jadwiga Pula Wilton, April 12, 1989.

Eilene Koenigsberg Brocenos '79 and husband, Peter, a son, Michael Solomon, September 11, 1989.

Susan W. Skelton '80 and William J. Skelton '79, a son, Patrick William, July 11, 1988. Patrick joins Christopher, 4.

John Lonnquest '81 and wife, Paddi, a son, David Aurandt, May 25, 1989.

Joseph '82 and Elizabeth Speno Moye '84 a son, Edward Joseph, December 1, 1987.

Harris Friedberg '84, a daughter, Alyssa Erica, April 1, 1989.

Jeff Kauffman and Jenny Hearn Kauffman '84, a daughter, Alexis Louise, July 18, 1989. Big brother Jeffrey is two.

Marriages

Polly Taylor Smoot '55 to John Grimaldi, 1989.

Warren H. Milberg '62 to Jacqueline Hess, 1987.

Barbara Maddex '71 to Dick Herrington, 1988.

Merrill Charles Johnson, Jr. '81 to Susan Berger, September 2, 1989.

Kane D. Bender '81 to Elizabeth Spilman, June 25, 1989.

Elizabeth Dunlop Edgeworth '84 to Harvie D. Goddin III, July 22, 1989.

Fannie C. Hobba '84 to Stephen E. Shenk, June 24, 1989.

Margot A. Woods '84 to David Allan Kenzie, May 6, 1989.

Eda Ergul '84 to Jeffrey R. Peterson, July 9, 1989.

Daniel M. Smith '85 to Honora Maureen Breyer, May 13, 1989. Bill Thomas '85 was best man.

Richard Wheeler '86 to Kathleen Flanagan '86, September 17, 1988.

Kristin Murphy '87 to Matthew Brightbill, October 14, 1989. Beth Munder '88 and Donna McMahan '87 were bridesmaids.

Dina Beck '87 to Matthew Pizolato, April 14, 1989.

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a semi-pro hockey league in central New Jersey.

Cynda Hill graduated from Georgetown University School of Dentistry in May 1989 and is currently doing a two-year residency in pediatric dentistry in Charleston, SC.

Jeff Kohut owns an international marketing firm specializing in income diversification and early retirement programs. World headquarters are located in Franklin, TN.

Patrick J. LaMoure, staff judge advocate at Fort Dix, NJ, was promoted to the rank of Captain on August 1, 1989. Capt. LaMoure previously practiced law in Oklahoma City.

'86 Rick Cote and his wife, Lisa Ledwin '87, survived the wrath of Hurricane Hugo. Rick will soon be a civilian again after three years as an officer in the Marine Corps. Their new residence will be Manlius, NY.

Richard Gentry recently finished work in his first movie, *Cry Baby*, a John Waters film starring Johnny Depp. This fall he begins work with Foster-Fell Models, Inc., one of the top five modeling agencies in the world.

Ellen Hennessey was graduated from the University of Baltimore Law School last May, and is working in a small general practice firm in Towson, MD.

Lynda Hill is enrolled in the master's program for psychology at American University in Washington, DC.

Linda Kennedy is a paralegal with Newman & Holtzinger, a Washington, DC, firm that specializes in energy law. She resides in Alexandria, VA, and is active with the local Democratic Party.

Kevin Schultz is a Supply Sergeant for the U.S. Army. He is stationed at Fort Bragg.

Kelly Welsh Stout completed an MBA at University of Maryland in 1987 and the Maryland Bank management trainee program. Since then she has managed the bank's Technical Support Group and the Customer Service area. Kelly and her husband, Jack '85, live in Baltimore.

'87 Jennifer Billings owns her first home in Baltimore. A behavior specialist, she has spent two years writing behavior modification programs. She plans to move on to administering and analyzing psychological evaluations.

Cathy Adams Engle is a financial analyst for Preston Trucking Co. in Preston, MD.

Joyce Lee "Jobi" Jones is an accountant with the Prince George's County Board of Education in Upper Marlboro, MD.

Janet P. McJilton earned her master's degree from Salisbury State University's Franklin Perdue School of Business.

Stephen Meehan is studying law at the University of Baltimore.

Dina Beck Pizolato was promoted from systems representative to product specialist supervisor for Pentamation Enterprises in Bethlehem, PA.

Alison Shorter is a staff associate for the Gov't Relations Dept. of the Electronic Industries Ass'n in Washington, DC.

'88 Paula Cunningham is a social worker for Child Protection Services in Elkton, MD. She will finish her master's degree in psychology from WC in May 1990 and looks forward to seeing Zeta alumni at Reunion.

Leslie d'Ablemont works for the Washington, DC Association of Realtors where she is special events coordinator for their commercial and residential trade shows.

Anne Johnson is a court analyst for the Office of Court Administration in New York, NY.

Pete Mendivil earned a second BA in economics from the University of Arizona. He moved to Silver Spring, MD, where he is office manager for MF Dugley Enterprises, a renovating and remodeling company.

Rosfelder's Field Of Dreams

by Gary Brown

While most of us discard our dreams of someday slamming the winning World Series blow, we often hang onto our simpler fantasies, like having our pictures on a baseball card, or sharing the turf at Cooperstown with the likes of Carl Yastrzemski, Johnny Bench, Bob Feller, and Ted Williams in a friendly pick-up game. Yet isn't even that stretching it just a bit?

Not for Chris Rosfelder '88, who has just completed his first year of professional ball with the Elmira (N.Y.) Pioneers, a Class A affiliate of the Boston Red Sox, and whose ruggedly determined portrait has been forever captured on a baseball card.

The economics major, who played four years as a catcher for Washington College, was signed by the Sox after playing winter ball in Florida this past January. While Chris was having one of his better outings in the batting cage, former Red Sox great Carl Yastrzemski pulled him aside and told him that he had landed a job.

"It was amazing," Chris beamed during a recent visit to the College. "One minute I was talking to Yaz, and the next minute he was riding in a golf cart on his way to the front office to convince them to sign me. The next thing I knew, I had a contract."

Rosfelder batted .214 in 55 games with the Pioneers, who used him at first base and in the outfield. Chris compiled 31 hits, two doubles, scored 13 runs and drove in eight. Only four Elmira players logged more than 200 at-bats, and Chris was one of seven to make between 100-150 plate appearances. The organization is deep in talent at this level, and it is difficult for even the best prospects to acquire playing time.

"Every guy out there was either a star in college or high school," Rosfelder

observes. "It's pretty different from Washington College."

That wasn't the only transition he experienced as he moved into professional ball. Fastballs were reaching the plate much quicker.

"Yeah, the pitching was the hardest transition," Rosfelder agrees. "But I always felt I could hit better against guys who threw harder."

Indeed he does. In fact, it's been his hitting all along that has lured the pro scouts. During the summer of '88, Chris played semi-pro ball in Salisbury, Md., and participated in several all-star games conducted by major league clubs. He performed well enough to attract the attention of the Baltimore Orioles, New York Mets, Kansas City Royals, Chicago White Sox, Cleveland Indians, Seattle Mariners, and Boston. Having grown up a Red Sox fan swayed Chris' decision to accept the club's invitation to Florida. And working on a personal basis with the likes of Yastrzemski didn't hurt either.

"When I first went down there, it was incredible," Rosfelder remembers. "Just to be on the same field with Yastrzemski was a big thrill. But once you start working with him, he's not Yaz anymore. He's someone who's there to help you out."

Rosfelder met Yastrzemski again this summer when he was one of five Elmira players selected for this year's annual Baseball Hall of Fame game. As one of the inductees, Yastrzemski was there with such greats as Johnny Bench, Ted Williams, Bob Feller, Tris Speaker, and Mike Greenwell. Rosfelder was catcher for a home-run hitting contest, then played in the game with some of the greatest names in sport.

Storybook stuff, to be sure, but the life of a professional ballplayer isn't all glitter. As depicted in recent hit films such as *Bull Durham*, being on the road is a tiresome quest. But for Rosfelder, his "field of dreams" is still very much alive.

"Every time I get on the field, the thrill is always there," he says. "The season can get long, and the bus rides can be boring, but I still love this game."

Rosfelder recently returned from two weeks of instructional work in Florida, and will report to the Red Sox spring training camp in February. He is most likely slated for work as a first baseman, and has spent much of the off season working with the College's assistant baseball coach Steve "Sandy" Sandebeck '73 on improving his throwing and batting techniques.

Rosfelder was a pull-hitter during his tenure with the Shoremen, but he has since learned to hit to the opposite field.

"I matured as a ballplayer here, and I'm glad I went to Washington College," Rosfelder says. "I had been recruited by several Division II schools out of high school, but I came here because of the College's academic reputation."

Rosfelder was also lured by the personal appeals of Coach Ed Athey. "He must have written me once a week," Rosfelder says, smiling. "And they were all hand-written letters. I really liked his personality. He's one of the nicest guys in the world."

Gary Brown is the College's sports information director.

Joanne Wilson's BA in drama helped when she applied for a position with the Delaware State Museum. Her experience with costumes got her the job as aide for the Victorian Clothing exhibit. She also works part-time at the Delaware Sewing Center.

'89 William Bors is employed as an assistant trader with the First Boston Corporation in New York, NY.

Monte Bourjaily has begun his first year at Washington and Lee Law School.

Sandra Perez is attending the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. By 1991 she hopes to have completed an MA in clinical community psychology.

Timothy Quinn is a business analyst for Dunn and Bradstreet in Towson, MD. He lives in Baltimore with John Billingslea. John is a substitute teacher for the Baltimore Co. Public Schools and takes night classes at Loyola toward his master's in psychology. Tim reports that Steve DiEugenio '88 was married in August.

Denise Smith is currently an assistant manager in the personnel office of Bally's Park Place Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City, NJ. She reports that Pat Youngs is a sales representative for Eastman Kodak in Frederick, MD.

Tracey Wehr completed an internship with *Ocean Magazine* in Ocean City, MD, this summer. She learned many valuable skills in magazine editing and production and is looking for a job in which she might put these skills to good use.

You Can Go Home Again

by Theodore Kurze '43

Early one morning in September 1940, my father helped me and my luggage aboard the Long Island Rail Road, destined for Washington College.

It was an all-day train ride to Chestertown, with plenty of time for reflection and dreaming of what was to come. While the Nazi conquest of Europe was already a *fait accompli*, and the future of the Western World was uncertain at best, I spent little time thinking about the international situation, as I was absorbed in developing unrealistic behavioral models for my collegiate career.

It was a typical sultry summer afternoon when we arrived at the Chestertown station. Loaded down with my luggage, I started up Cross Street when Henry Gill, proprietor of Gill's Ice Cream Parlour and all-purpose downtown College Social Center, offered me a ride up to the College, earning my gratitude and lasting patronage.

I shall never forget my sinking feeling when I learned in the Registrar's Office that the College was not yet open and the dormitory would not be available for several days. Miss Matty Whitingham, Dean Livingood's secretary, arranged for me to obtain a room at Hill's, down on Washington Avenue.

I sat on the edge of the bed contemplating the fact that the fantasies I had so carefully constructed on the long train ride were not working out. Besides, if I stayed in this room and bought my meals until the dormitory opened, I would be in financial ruin. Soliciting more money from my parents this early in my college career didn't seem like a good strategy, particularly when my father was of the persuasion that "college was a four-year loaf on the old man's dough." However, before I began to unpack there was a knock on my door, and as I opened it a very tall, handsome and kindly appearing student introduced himself to me as Wilson Reedy.

It turned out that Miss Matty told Mary Liz Humphreys and/or her mother about my problem, and Wilson was asked to convey an invitation for me to stay with them until the dormitory opened. Wilson helped me carry my bags over to the Humphreys' house and I learned that he and Mary Liz had an "established friendship." I remember how cool and refreshing the house seemed, while Mary Liz and her mother were so warm and hospitable.

It was quite a change when I moved from the charming comfort of the Humphrey household to the austerity of West Hall, better known at that time as Rat Hall. This turned out to be a *double entendre* as these were the quarters assigned to all male freshmen, known on campus as rats, as well as home to the four-legged inhabitants presumably there by their own choice.

My first roommate was James Juliana from Morristown, New Jersey. He was about my size, had the standard crew cut, but from our first meeting I sensed Jim was somehow better qualified to deal with this new living experience than I. Our quarters were small and the amenities stark. Yet Jim seemed always to have it together and I began to try to emulate him in my habits of daily living. Just about the time I thought I was getting a handle on things Jim announced he was moving out. If explanations were given, I suppressed them long ago.

During the ensuing 46 years, occasional word of Jim's progressive rise in the Federal establishment would reach me and I would recall the episode of his moving out with casual wonderment. However, it wasn't until the May 1989 Reunion, at a reception graciously hosted by our former classmates Judson and Dorothy Reedy Williams '44, that Jim and I met again.

When the "long time, no see" talk began to lag, I asked Jim why he moved out, and he candidly informed me that it was because I had been such a slob. This was reenforced by Judson Williams as he gleefully commented on my state of general disarray in our early morning German class. Surprising as these observations were, my old brain jammed into gear and verified their observations. Had this revelation occurred 10 or 20 years ago, I might have been hurt. However, in my present state of extended maturity, I realized how much growing I did at Washington College and beyond.

I related this to Jim and he pointed out that he did not matriculate directly following high school. He had worked a year or so before starting college, so he was a lot more mature than I at the outset. It's amazing how many virtues one can ascribe to maturity at 67.

Dr. Theodore Kurze '43, professor emeritus of neurological surgery at University of Southern California, Los Angeles, is a senior fellow in philosophy at Washington College. He was awarded the College's honorary doctorate of science at Fall Convocation.

Campus Events

November 24, 25 & 26
Actors Community Theatre presents a children's play, *The Red Shoes*, Norman James Theatre, 7:30 p.m. on Friday and Saturday, 2 p.m. Saturday and Sunday matinees. Admission $5; $3 for children & seniors.

November 27
Eastern Shore Landscapes by artists Susan Tessem and Bill Creager, O'Neill Literary House, through December 1. Opening reception at 4:30 p.m.

December 1 & 2
Renaissance Dinner, Hynson Lounge, 7 p.m. For reservations, call (301) 778-2800, ext. 203.

December 2
Alumni Council meeting, Alumni House, 10 a.m.
Meeting of Board of Visitors and Governors, 10 a.m.
Kent Mass Choir Concert, Norman James Theatre, 7 p.m. Admission free; donations accepted.

December 3
Washington College Jazz Band Concert, Tawes Theatre, 4 p.m.

December 5
The William James Forum brings Bishop John Spong from the Episcopal Diocese of Newark, NJ, to lecture on "Rethinking Christian Ethics," Hynson Lounge, 7:30 p.m.

December 6
"Krapp's Last Tape," a new production directed by Samuel Beckett, performed in French by Pierre Chabert, Norman James Theatre, 8 p.m.

December 7
The Annual Foreign Language Poetry Reading, O'Neill Literary House, 8 p.m.

December 8 & 9
Wild Goose Classic Basketball Tournament, Cain Gymnasium

December 9
A concert of Christmas music by the Washington College/Community Chorus, Kathleen Mills, Director; Garry Clarke, Organist; featuring special guest performances by Victor Belanger on string bass and Louanne Sargent '75 soloist; Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Chestertown, 8 p.m.

December 10
Mardel Alumni Chapter Christmas Party, at the home of Phillip and Carol Tilghman in Salisbury, Maryland, 4:30 p.m.

December 15
Kent and Queen Anne's Alumni Chapter Christmas Party, Geddes-Piper House in Chestertown, 5:30 - 7:30 p.m.

January 22
Meeting of the Washington College Women's League, Minta Martin, 1:30 p.m.

January 31
Rita Colwell, Director of the Center for Marine Biotechnology, speaking on "Microbiology of the Chesapeake Bay," Norman James Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

February 10
Alumni Council meeting, Alumni House, 10 a.m.

February 13
Washington College Concert Series presents the Bowdoin Trio, Tawes Theatre, 8 p.m. General admission $8, under 18 free.

February 15
Richard Wolbers of the University of Delaware will speak via satellite from Carnegie Mellon University on "Science in the Restoration of Art."

February 17
Meeting of the Board of Visitors and Governors, 10 a.m.
Birthday Convocation, Tawes Theatre, 2 p.m.
George Washington Birthday Ball, Cain Gymnasium, 9 p.m.

For More Information
To learn more about special events at Washington College, or to receive the college's monthly Calendar of Events free of charge, write to:

Marshall Williams
Special Events Coordinator
Washington College
Chestertown, MD 21620.

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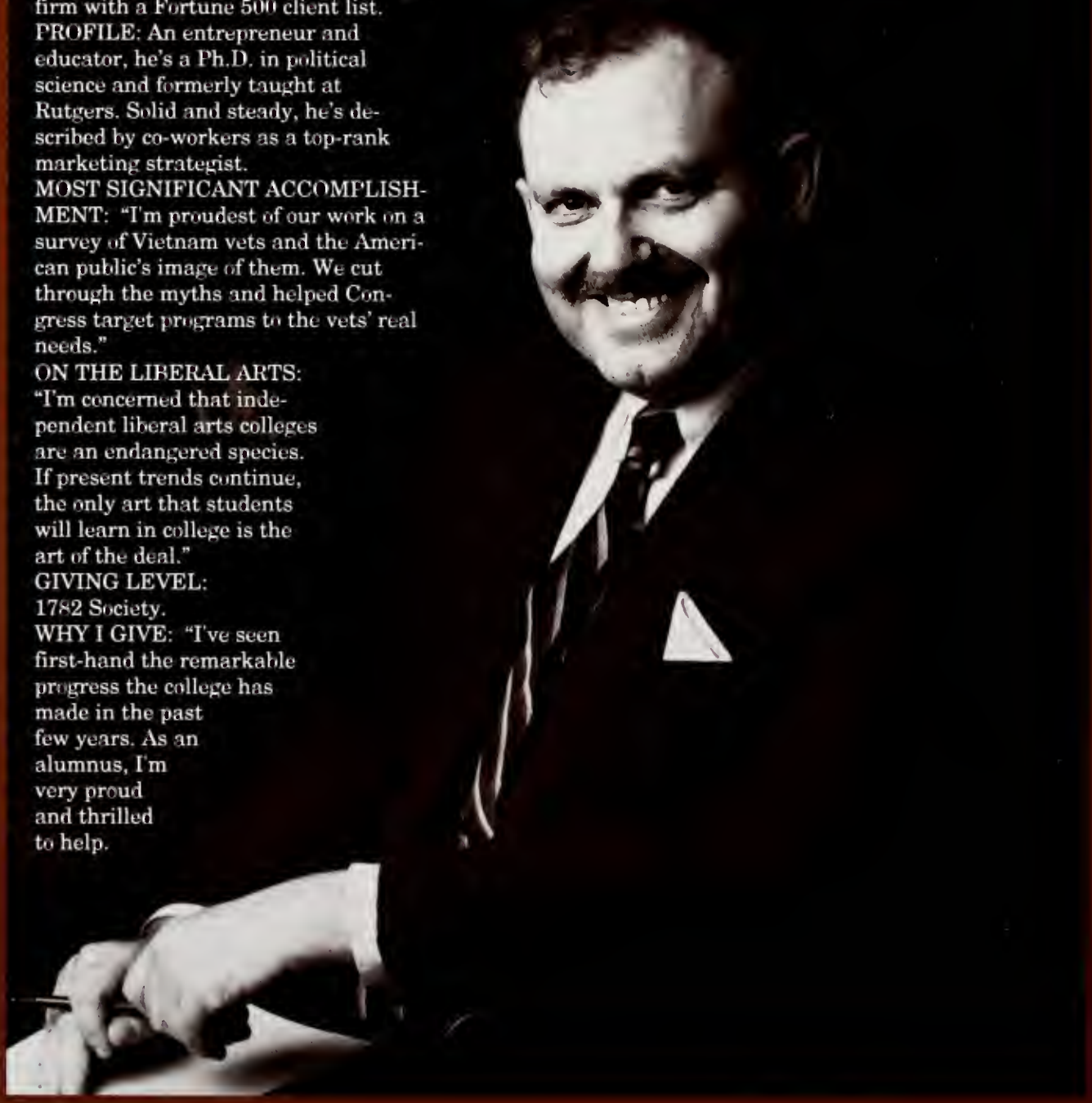
DONOR'S PROFILE:

MARK SCHULMAN '67

HOME: Edison, New Jersey.
PROFESSION: Founder and partner, Schulman, Ronca & Bucuvalas, Inc., New York and Washington, DC, a public opinion and marketing research firm with a Fortune 500 client list.
PROFILE: An entrepreneur and educator, he's a Ph.D. in political science and formerly taught at Rutgers. Solid and steady, he's described by co-workers as a top-rank marketing strategist.
MOST SIGNIFICANT ACCOMPLISHMENT: "I'm proudest of our work on a survey of Vietnam vets and the American public's image of them. We cut through the myths and helped Congress target programs to the vets' real needs."
ON THE LIBERAL ARTS: "I'm concerned that independent liberal arts colleges are an endangered species. If present trends continue, the only art that students will learn in college is the art of the deal."
GIVING LEVEL: 1782 Society.
WHY I GIVE: "I've seen first-hand the remarkable progress the college has made in the past few years. As an alumnus, I'm very proud and thrilled to help.